

The WAR CRY



William Booth
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada, Alaska & Newfoundland

International Headquarters
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The SALVATION ARMY

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Edward J. Higgins
General

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JAMES HAY, Commissioner



(You will be interested in the Labor Day messages on pages 9 and 12)



MIRACLES of
nature
abound on
all sides of
us, and he
is slow of
mind and

THE

MIRACLE of the FLOWERS

A Challenge to the Sceptic and a reproof to the man
who says there is no God

"A man may
lead a false
life, and yet
win the praise
of men. The
acid test of the
successful life

BY
JOHT T.
BODY

heart who cannot see and appreciate the message which they bring to those who have been privileged to witness and enjoy the unusual and gorgeous spectacle which the flowers provide in every garden, field and park this summer.

In silence and without visible motion, each petal and bud has slowly unfolded revealing, in due course, a wealth of beauty and often a riot of color sufficient to make the true artist mildly delirious with enthusiasm and ecstasy. What a challenge to the sceptic and reproof to the man who says there is no God.

"Consider the lilies of the field," said Jesus. You remember His application concerning the flowers. It was as if He had said "Remember the flowers; they are beautiful, indeed, but they are modest and quiet, even shy and retiring; and while they perform no miracle, they are of themselves a miracle . . . I trust that, if you have eyes to see and ears to hear, you will not forget the lesson which they teach."

I have just returned home from my evening walk which has been a veritable tonic to my drooping spirits. The flowers have refreshed me; they have "made saving beauty be" as Bliss Carman puts it in his "Vestigia"; they have saved me for another day! Incidentally I have made a new discovery; it is that God gave us memory that we might have roses in December.

Speaking of miracles reminds me of a striking but beautiful thing which the late Dr. George H. Morrison of Glasgow wrote some years ago in a well-known British periodical. He is referring to the man who does no miracle and, quoting the words of Jesus concerning John the Baptist: "John did no miracle: but . . ." he points out that he won the highest praise of Christ. "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John." I have the article handy and will give you the exact words:

"Christ has no hands but our
hands
To do His work to-day;
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in His way;
He has no tongue but our
tongues
To tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help
To bring them to His side."
—Annie Johnson Flint.

is this: does it win the praise of Christ? And the fine thing is that to win that praise one does not need to be wonderful or striking; it is given to those who do no miracle—to those who trust Him when everything is dark; to those who keep their faces towards the morning; to those who, through headache and heartache, quietly and doggedly do their appointed bit; to those who help a brother by the way; to those who look for a city which hath foundations. In this big world there is room for every gift, and for every genius who has the power of miracle.

But in this big world there is room and power and victory for the great multitude who do no miracle. It is not "Well done, thou good and brilliant servant," else there would be little hope for millions. It is "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The thought that impresses me and brings a sense of comfort and renewed strength for the day's work, is that in God's plan for us there is always a special service which each one can perform; something that will not be

done unless we do it ourselves, something that the world actually needs and that we alone can, and must supply.

There is an Eastern story in which we are told that when Jesus returned to Heaven the Angel Gabriel inquired regarding his sojourn on the earth. When Jesus' reply was complete Gabriel asked: "What plans did you make for the continuance of your work on earth before you left?" To which the Master replied: "I have chosen twelve young men and left eleven of them to carry on my work." "But," said the Angel, "What if these fail you?" To which Jesus replied: "Should these fail me I have no other plans."

Is there not a fine challenge here to renew our highest resolves and, by the grace of God, face each day with its "trivial round" and "common task" determined to do everything to the best of our ability and God's glory."

Our Daily Meditations

WHEN YOU AWAKE PRAY:

Enable me, O Lord, this day to live to please Thee and to strive to bring blessing to the lives of others. Cleanse and keep my heart cleansed in the Blood of Calvary.

SUNDAY:

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Psalm 118:24.

So here hath been dawning another blue day;

Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of eternity this new day is born;

Into eternity at night will return.

Let us sing Song No. 299.

MONDAY:

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—Job 1:21.

What Thou hast given, Thou canst take,

And when Thou wilt new gifts can make,

All flows from Thee alone;

When Thou didst give it, it was Thine;

When Thou re-took'st it, 'twas not mine.

Thy will in me be done.

Let us sing Song No. 791.

TUESDAY:

The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.—Psalm 34: 22.

I praise Thee while my days go on;

I love Thee while my days go on;

Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,

With emptied arms and treasure lost,

I thank Thee while my days go on.

Let us sing Song No. 780.

WEDNESDAY:

I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from evil.—John 18:15.

In busy mart and crowded street,

No less than in the still retreat

Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless,

With all a Father's tenderness.

Let us sing Song No. 767.

SHARE YOUR SALVATION

HAVE you the "touch-it-not" kind of religion? A brand that is so circumspect and proper that, like a valuable bit of old china or piece of bric-a-bat, you bring it out only on rare occasions to exhibit it? The sort that must receive care but not wear.

A benevolent traveller once made a present of a prettily-carved sun-dial to some savages whom he traded with on a distant island. They were delighted with the gift and so desirous were they to honor and keep it sacred that they housed it in and built a roof over it!

A PASSER-BY on a street where an Army Open-air meeting was being held, tilted his chin an inch higher than it was wont. "I don't believe in parading my religion," said he, "it's too sacred."

Religion is a sacred thing, but God never intended it to be shut up in the narrow confines of the human heart. The Lord Jesus Christ taught, and The Salvation Army has proved, that spiritual blessings are increased by sharing them with others. Be your blessings ever so good they will, if kept to yourself, like bread in a sack, turn mouldy for want of use.

Don't hold on to your blessings, or you will lose them. Don't keep your religion in cold storage, it is intended for active use.

A Bible Question Pictorially Answered—"Who is My Neighbour?"



"(He) fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."—Luke 10:30.

THURSDAY:

And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Thy God?—Micah 6:8.

Put on therefore . . . kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, and long-suffering.—Col. 3:12.

Plant in us an humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind;
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of Thee.
Let us sing Song No. 502.

FRIDAY:

My presence shall go with thee, and and I will give thee rest.—Exodus 33:14.

Thou wilt show me the path of life; in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Psalm 16:11.

Thy presence fills my mind with peace,
Brightens the thoughts so dark
erewhile,
Bids cares and sad forebodings
cease,

Makes all things smile.

Let us sing Song No. 332.

SATURDAY:

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.—Psalm 37:7.

Trust in Him at all times.—Psalm 62:8.

Dost thou ask when comes His hour—

Then, when it shall aid thee best,
Trust His faithfulness and power,
Trust in Him, and quiet rest.
Let us sing Song No. 469.

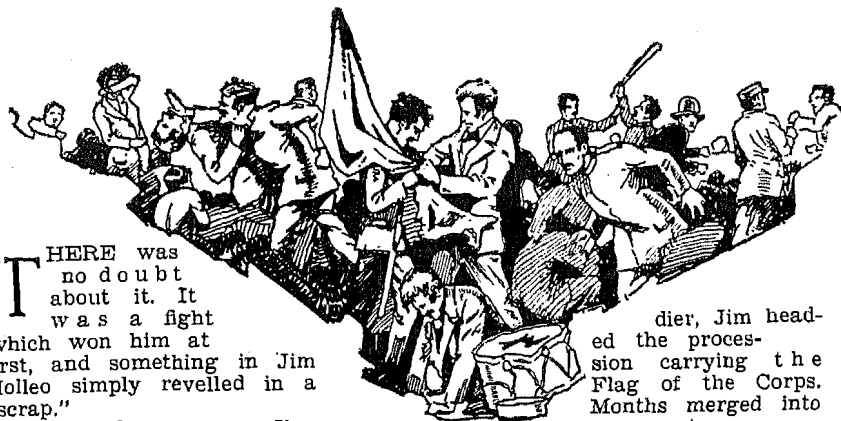
GOLD MINES OF SCRIPTURE

The treasures of the Scriptures are not in the top soil; you must open a shaft. The precious diamonds of experience are not pitched up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the Word of God, and seek to possess it with all the inward work of the blessed Spirit. It is of small use to learn a doctrine, unless you learn it by heart. John Bunyan intended this, when he said the truths which he learned were burned into him.

C. H. Spurgeon.

HE WAS A FIGHTING IMPOSTER

This love for the battle won him in the first place; but what a struggle was his ere he won out



THERE was no doubt about it. It was a fight which won him at first, and something in Jim Holleo simply revelled in a "scrap."

Years and years ago Jim, out walking one evening, came upon a regular "free for all" in the Market Square. It was a dark evening, and at first it was not too apparent what was amiss, nor who were the interested parties. But presently, as he drew nearer, Jim realized that there were women as well as men mixed up in the "shindy," and, quickening his stride while he moistened his lips in anticipation, he came right up to the contesting parties.

Actually it was not a contest. The whole thing was one-sided. Tough-looking men—distinctly of the type which could be found any night or day lounging about in front of the saloons which disgraced that portion of the town—were tearing at the clothing of both men and women alike, battering head-gear, and generally tormenting these plainly-dressed people, a few of whom were wearing a peculiar kind of uniform.

Most certainly Jim could not see a woman being maltreated without raising some kind of protest, and the passion of his demonstration was distinctly at variance with that adopted by the passive sufferers in the affray.

His right fist found lodgement in the cauliflower ear of a brutish-looking fellow who had, at that moment, torn from the head of one of the women a large poke bonnet, on which appeared a broad red ribbon bearing the words "The Salvation Army."

Such a gasp of relief was given by the woman, as, freed from the attentions of her persecutor, she turned and scuttled into the crowd. The bully, however, put up some kind of a defence, and it was not for a minute or two that Jim succeeded in riding himself of his antagonist.

"Cut that out," shouted a voice in Jim's ear; "he ain't no Salvationer." To which Jim replied, "He certainly is not, and I am making no mistake about it."

Self-Appointed Escort

Just by reason of the foregoing happening Holleo appointed himself escort to The Army folk, on their subsequent appearances, and many and sanguinary were the encounters in which he defended the Salvationists from harm.

One needs not to wonder, therefore, that as the weeks passed into months and his friends began to recognize Jim as one with the Salvationists, that he should regularly attend indoor and outdoor meetings. In due course an Officer arrived who said to him, one night:

"Listen, Mr. Holleo, I am going to put your name on our Roll as a friend. Actually, I feel you are a Salvationist at heart already, and, as soon as you say the word, we shall be happy to make you a Soldier." By some means, he knows not exactly how, Jim found himself being acknowledged more and more as a Soldier of The Salvation Army. Certainly he made no protest against what was being said and done, and the day eventually dawned upon which, clad in the regulation habiliments of a Salvation Sol-

dier, Jim headed the procession carrying the Flag of the Corps. Months merged into years—ten years—twenty years—and

Jack was hailed as a "jolly good sort."

Long though his apprenticeship and acceptance in full standing, there came a Sunday morning when, without any warning, there suddenly burst upon his consciousness, as though by a bolt from the blue, the realization that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. The Officer, in a very simple Bible lesson, had—just once in hundreds of times—made plain again the steps by which men progress from sinfulness to sanctification.

Saw With New Eyes

Ever so naturally something in Jim's heart seemed to wake up as if after a very long sleep. He was not a little dazed by the experience. He looked about him with new eyes. He recognized the Officers on the platform. He saw the familiar faces of the Bandsmen and, as his glance still roved from the platform end of the building to the other, and from side to side, he was confirmed in the very reasonable opinion that he was accepted amongst the Salvationists as a Child of God.

Only, as he looked, he realized that these people were of a different kind from himself. It was plain to be seen, in the radiant expression on many a face, that what the Adjutant was talking about was not just a theory, but a very real, and really enjoyed manifestation of the power of God witnessed in gracious measure from hour to hour.

"I am not like these people!" said Jim to himself. "They are of another

kind. Whatever shall I do? Must I go on shamming I am as I had thought myself, until this moment, or is there something I can do to put the matter right, and to be put right myself?"

To and fro over the whole field of thought Jim's mind ranged valiantly within him, and the Officer droned on and on as he spoke of a high-way—the Holy-way—on which ravenous beasts did not walk.

"A high-way," said Jim to himself. "My God, and I have never stepped off the low-way upon which I have been walking all the days of my life. Mixed up with these Salvation Army people, thought to be one of themselves, I have no more idea of the reality of the thing of which they speak than has the chair upon which I am sitting."

"Come to think of it," he continued, "I dare say it is true that I have never been saved, still less have I got anything like what these people speak about this morning—a holy calm, a sense of particular peace, a confidence that all is well."

It was a pitiable condition to which he had been brought, and the man who could rejoice in such a spectacle as Jim made at that moment must be cruel and callous indeed. We rather incline to the opinion that angels in Heaven would have enjoyed the opportunity to minister to such a man, and to help him on to the straight and narrow path which, at this moment, his soul earnestly desired to traverse.

A Poignant Query

"What shall I do? If I make my way to the Penitent-form the folks will say I have backslidden, and will begin immediately to wonder what I have been doing to bring me to such a condition. How awful is my state! Who would believe me if I told them what actually is the case? If I wait a more convenient opportunity, and get away by myself to put this matter right, I shall be something of a coward, and that is the last thing into which I would desire to fall. Whatever shall I do?"

And, as if in distinct reply to that poignant query, Jim heard from the lips of the speaker:

"There is only one thing to be done by any soul to whom revelation has

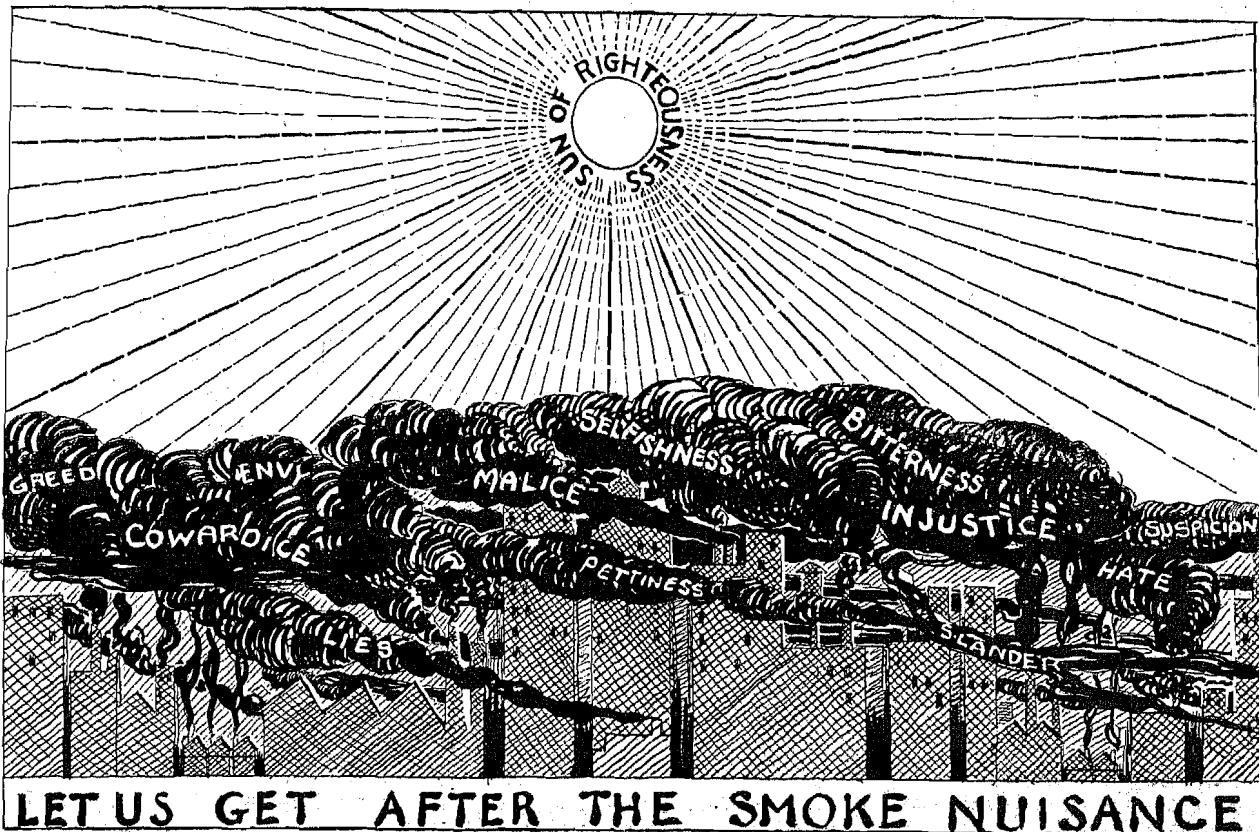
been made by God's Holy Spirit—and I doubt not somebody listening to me at this minute has already received in his heart that sudden illumination which only the Holy Spirit knows how to give so well. That one thing is obedience. No soul may win the favor of God by any other means. Sacrifice will not count; service is of no avail until obedience is first the established principle. What He says—that do. It is usually the thing you wish not to do."

A Desperate Battle

How many moments were taken by the conclusion of the address; how much time was occupied in the subsequent Covenant Service, during which several people went forward to the Mercy-seat, Jim could never tell. He was unconscious of everything else but of the fight that was going on in his heart. To and fro, and up and down, over all the possible arguments Jim's more distracted mind ranged restlessly until, having covered the whole field of consideration, he saw there was no alternative to the definite course of action, and to this he resorted just as the Officer was pronouncing the Benediction. Turning away to leave the building his comrades were astonished to note the prostrate form of a man where a minute before no one had been kneeling.

"Who is he?" they asked of one another. At first nobody seemed to know, and then, being gradually recognized, the statement went forth from mouth to mouth, "It is Jim Holleo; come for another blessing, beyond a doubt. We hope he gets it, for Jim is a good sort."

But his testimony, given on the following Sunday morning, tore away the last vestige of camouflage. As he closed his soul-moving utterance Jim added, "I was an imposter. But I was a fighting imposter. It was fighting that won me, and by fighting I continued in the service. Now I am an imposter no longer. I verily belong here. At that Penitent-form, last Sunday morning, I found Salvation from sin, and the worst sin of all was the sham thing that I feared to confess. It will still mean a fight for me. But I always loved fighting, and I shall love it more than ever now, since I am no longer an imposter."



VICTORY WINNING

FROM COAST TO COAST

CONVERT WINS HER SISTER TO GOD

Baseball Crowds Bombarded

The comrades of PICTOU (Captain and Mrs. Gerard) recently held an Open-air meeting whilst a large crowd were returning from a baseball game. Amid the noise of cars and excitement the Salvationists sang inspiring songs and testified to the joy of Salvation. The Captain also utilized his accordion and ably accompanied the singing.

Unknown to the comrades, an invalid lady who had been confined to her bed in a house close by, greatly enjoyed our meeting and afterwards mentioned this to one of the comrades.

God came near in the indoor meeting and we had the joy of seeing two women voluntarily seeking Christ at the Mercy-seat, after which they gave their testimonies. The following Sunday one of these converts brought her sister to the meeting and she also responded to the invitation.

Recently, when we held Open-air's at villages several miles from the Corps, our converts were in attendance.

We were privileged to have with us for two nights Lieut.-Colonel Bladin, and greatly enjoyed his lectures. Colonel J. W. MacDonald acted as chairman and expressed his great appreciation of the visit.

DELIGHTFUL MUSIC

The people of PICTON (Adjutant Danby, Lieutenant Bridle) and vicinity were richly blessed during the week-end visit of the Belleville Band, accompanied by the Commanding Officer, Commandant Woolcott.

The weather and crowds could not have been better for the event. On Saturday evening, after our usual Open-air on Main Street, the Band gave a delightful musical program on the Armouries lawn.

All day Sunday the visiting Bandsmen worked hard bringing blessing to all who were able to listen to them. In the morning, at 9.30, two Open-air meetings were held, followed by an inspiring Holiness meeting conducted by Commandant Woolcott. During the afternoon the Band rendered music at Bloomfield and the Oulet, returning to Pictou in time to have supper and a full evening program, including an Open-air and Salvation meeting in the Citadel. This was followed by a Musical Festival held in the Regent Theatre, which was kindly loaned to us by the owner. His Worship Mayor Welch, capably filled the role of chairman, praising the Band for the music rendered and also boosting The Army.

Special mention must be made of the items given by the vocal trio, Bandsmen Green, Brown and Lessels.

Before leaving Pictou after a splendid week-end, the Home League members, under the supervision of their Secretary, Mrs. Lockyer, served lunch to the visiting comrades.—L.P.B.

SOUL-SAVING WEEK-END

The week-end meetings at GALT were conducted by Sergeant-Major Ede and the Guelph Trio. From the start good crowds gathered and were held spell-bound by the singing and talks of the visiting comrades.

On Sunday morning the Trio visited the hospital, where they brought cheer to the patients. In the Holiness meeting the Bible lesson was taken by Sergeant-Major Ede and was blessed of God when one surrender was made.

In the afternoon a good crowd met at Sopar Park, where the people listened to the messages. In the Salvation meeting Brother Dawson read the Bible lesson and we finished up with three seekers at the Cross. Praise God!—D.D.

Songster-Leaders, Attention!

Twenty "Gems for Songsters" No. 1 are required in exchange for "Gems" No. 2. Write Songster-Leader Farmer, 97 Ford Street, Toronto, Ont.

*****Pray*****
FOR THE
Jubilee Congress
Plan to be
*****There*****

VISITING THE AGED

Friday night the Officers and comrades of DIGBY (Captain Wishart, Lieutenant Fader) motored to Smith Cove, and held two rousing Open-air's. We also held an inside meeting, when a good crowd gathered.

Sunday morning Envoy Bowles brought the message in a forceful and convincing manner. Several comrades came forward and renewed their vows to God.

Our week-night meetings have increased in attendance and much interest is being taken in them. We have started revival meetings and believe souls will be won.

On the way back from our Open-air meeting on Sunday afternoon a woman requested us to visit her aged mother and sing some of our songs to her. This we were glad to do and believe God made our efforts a blessing.—L.B.

INCREASED ATTENDANCES

Sunday morning at EAST TORONTO the meeting was conducted by Commandant Jordan. The meeting was full of inspiration and we felt much of the Divine Power.

For the night meeting we had with us Captain Clarke and also Bandmaster Sharps and family, from Hamilton. The Commandant presented a number of Corps Cadet Certificates. We are pleased to report an increase in the attendances for the Sunday night Salvation meeting, and also at the late Open-air held at the park.—T.W.G.

HELPING THE CHURCHES

A circuit of United Churches were visited by the Neepawa Band last week-end. At Lornedale an enthusiastic crowd greeted us and many children took part in their first Army meeting. Young People's Sergeant - Major Jim Patterson taught them choruses. The Captain gave an able address at Springhill and the people expressed their appreciation of the service. The message of Salvation was well explained to a crowded church at Franklin in the evening.

Bandmaster Verner Wright led the Band in playing many selections and marches for the benefit of the rural residents who considered it a treat to hear an Army Band.

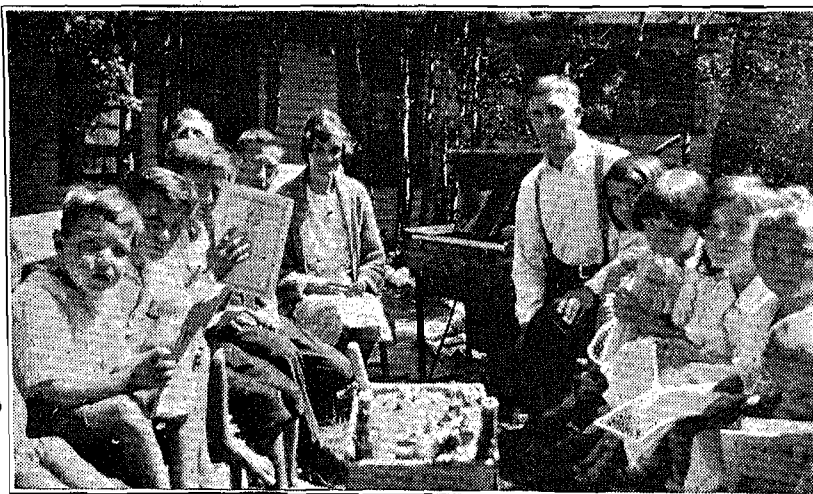
Preparations are under way for the opening of our new Hall in September.—A.R.R.

FAVORABLE PROGRESS

Meetings at the WINNIPEG SOCIAL CORPS have been progressing very favorably lately. Brigadier and Mrs. Cummins are on furlough, but Captain and Mrs. Hill and Captain Wiseman are carrying on with the able support of the comrades.

Sunday, the meeting opened with good, lively singing, after which Captain Wiseman read an appropriate portion of Scripture. Captain Hill led the testimonies which were full of earnestness, and Commandant Lawson soloed "Sweet Peace" and spoke.

Mrs. Captain Hill's message of Salvation was very uplifting and her words will long be remembered.—P.



This bright little Young People's Company was formed by Bandsman James Stewart, Edmonton Citadel, while spending his week-ends at the summer cottage of Brother and Sister Larner, North Cooking Lake, Alta. The children, belonging to the district, have no opportunity of attending Sunday School and thoroughly enjoy the meetings. Sister Doris Larner is organist.

SONGSTERS' WEEK-END

Last week-end the meetings at GUELPH were conducted by the Songster Brigade, under the direction of Songster-Leader Percy Smith. The members of the Brigade turned out to all the meetings outdoor and in, and also participated well in them.

Sister Mrs. Knighton took the Bible lesson on Sunday morning, the evening address being given by Songster-Leader Smith. The singing of the Brigade and occasional solos were quite an inspiration as were the messages given.—J.R.

We are sorry to report that Corps Color-Sergeant Albert Pender was taken suddenly ill at the Open-air on a recent Saturday night. A medical examination revealed that he had a slight fracture of the skull owing to a fall. We are praying for our comrade's recovery.

A HAPPY DAY

We spent a happy day at SOUTH VANCOUVER on Sunday, August 14th, when Lieut.-Colonel Goodwin was the leader. She was supported by Major Richardson, Adjutant and Mrs. Shaw, Adjutant Saunders and Commandant Jackson.

Adjutant and Mrs. Shaw had been in charge here twelve years ago, and many old comrades were pleased to see both them and their family. All seats were filled for the evening meeting, and in the closing testimony meeting, a goodly number gave praise to God for blessings received.—A.G.

VISITORS FROM THE CAPITAL

Sunday, August 14th, was a day of blessing at CARLTON PLACE (Captain and Mrs. Grant) when we had with us as special Brother Fred Simpson, of Ottawa, and Bandmaster Simpson, of Dundas, who were responsible for the meetings, assisted by Candidate Thompson, Brother Dove, and Sister Walker, all of Ottawa.

God used the messages of our visitors in music and song to the many who listened to them. The vocal trio at our Open-air meeting on Main Street, was the subject of special comment.

RECORD CROWDS

The comrades of KAMSACK, Sask. (Captain and Mrs. Townson) are working hard and the Lord is blessing all efforts. On Sunday we felt God's presence and crowds increased in every meeting of the day.

The Holiness meeting was conducted by Brother Louis Miller and at night Brother Robert Grant spoke. We praise the Lord for His goodness to us, and are believing for greater things.—C.S.

BOOKS REQUIRED

Captain V. Bishop, Indian Head, a small Corps in the "dry belt" of Saskatchewan, is anxious to start a Young People's Library. He will be glad if comrades having suitable books for disposal will get in touch with him. Another chance for someone to do a good turn!

REVIVAL FIRE BURNING

We are enjoying soul-saving times at NEW ABERDEEN (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender). During the past two weeks ten seekers have sought and found Salvation, some of these being backsliders of long-standing.

There seems to be quite an awakening among the people of the town and big crowds are turning out to the Sunday and week-night meetings. We are looking forward to a revival and pray that the Holy Spirit may come upon us in power.

Friday we had a visit from Lieutenant-Colonel Bladin, when he gave an impressive lantern lecture, all present enjoying it to the full. May God bless the Colonel as he journeys from place to place.—C.C.

SOULS AT THE CROSS

We are glad to report good times at WOODSTOCK (Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton). Major and Mrs. Ursaki conducted the week-end meetings and we rejoiced over three seekers at the Penitent-form. Kenneth Ursaki soloed at the Young People's Company meeting on Sunday afternoon.

The previous Sunday we rejoiced over four souls at the Cross.

We were glad to welcome Commandant and Mrs. Smith, from Smith's Falls, back to Woodstock and a meeting was held to greet them when a number of the comrades made speeches.

The League of Mercy, under Sergeant Mrs. Maltby, with the Band and Songsters and other comrades of the Corps, recently gave their annual treat to the aged inmates of the House of Refuge. This gathering was much enjoyed.—F.H.

CONVICTED AND SAVED

Our meetings on Sunday at GRAND-VILLEW (Adjutant and Mrs. Ede) were bright and attractive and there was a splendid congregation both morning and evening. We welcomed our Officers back from their furlough, and the Adjutant, whose vigor and zeal for soul-winning is stronger than ever, gave stirring addresses.

Bandmaster (Dr.) May, of Swift Current, Sask., and his son, were welcome visitors in the meetings. The Bandmaster's testimonies brought inspiration to the saved, and warning to the unsaved. These comrades also rendered good assistance in the Band corner section both indoors and in the Open-air. Another visitor was Sister Williams, of Victoria. We were more than pleased to have Lieutenant Smith with us, on her first furlough at home since leaving the Corps for the Training College.

During the absence of our Officers the Band was in charge of the meetings for one week-end, the Young People's workers for a Sunday, and Major Jaynes for a week-end. In the Salvation meeting, conducted by the latter, one man who had been under conviction for a long time, came back to God.—S.C.M.

BACKSLIDERS RESTORED

During the absence on furlough of the Corps Officers from BROCKVILLE (Captain and Mrs. Lorimer) the meetings were in charge of Corps Sergeant-Major Palmer, and during that period two backsliders sought restoration.

Last Sunday the meetings were conducted by Captain and Mrs. Oliver, former Officers of this Corps. The largest crowd to attend a Sunday night meeting in six years, except on the occasion of a Band visit, was present on this occasion. Visitors were present from Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston and the U.S.A.

In the Saturday night Open-air meeting reference was made by Captain Lorimer to the anniversary of the promotion to Glory of the Founder, and one of his favorite choruses, "His Blood can make the vilest clean," was sung. A splendid crowd listened throughout the meeting.

OUTPOSTS BOMBARDED

We are marching steadily forward at NEWMARKET, and good crowds are taking great interest in our Open-air's in town. In addition to this Outposts have been opened at Shanon, Holt, Queensville, Keswick and other places and these are being heavily bombarded.

Our Young People's work is steadily increasing.—H.O.

A WEEKLY LETTER TO MY PRISON FRIEND No. 24.—"R.C.'s Restitution"

Dear Friend:
The Eighth Commandment — Do not steal.

Some steal money; some steal another's position; others steal another's good name. The majority of crimes seem to be stealing. Little people start with little thefts; only a nickel or a dime from a purse; only an apple or some candy; only another fellow's ball or his jack-knife. But it is a start.

Strange to say, nearly all the cases in court have beginnings like this. In about ninety-five per cent. of the cases I have heard, the plea is "Not Guilty." Later on, I am told, it was "just a mistake."

R—C— was not found out at the time he committed a theft; but his theft was discovered later when he had a little family. I was called to the home late one night, as I often am. This man's furniture was taken, job gone, family broken up, all because he took another man's cash. How foolish

Have you ordered your copy of
—the special—
Golden Jubilee "War Cry" ?

not to remember that sooner or later he would almost surely be found out.

I liked R—C— nevertheless for his straightforward confession. When I saw him in his cell, he said, "I am guilty; I know I have done wrong. I have brought sorrow to my poor wife and 'kids'; but I will show them yet that I can be a man!"

When he was released, he was as good as his word. He started at the bottom again. To-day he has his job back, his wife and children back, his home back. Best of all he and his family attend The Army meetings in a certain town, every Sunday.

I have a wonderful letter from R—C—, and I believe that he and his family will yet be amongst the faithful. We are praying for them and for you.

Next week: "S—G—'s false report."—N.R.T.

A CHALLENGE

In connection with the Harvest Festival Campaign, Major Ham, of the Toronto West Division, has challenged Lieut.-Colonel Burrows, of the Toronto East Division, to produce the highest amount from the Harvest Festival celebration. It is interesting to note that both these Divisions, as now formed, raised almost identically the same amount of money last year.

ARMY FRIEND PASSES

The Army has recently lost a willing helper in the passing of ex-Mayor William Stevens, of Guelph. He was a staunch and valued friend, and on the occasion of the Corps Anniversary last March left a sick bed to keep his engagement as chairman of one of the meetings. Much sympathy is felt toward Mrs. Stephens and the bereaved family.

HAVE A HEART!

The Salvation Army is engaged at present providing for hundreds of underprivileged children at

THE FRESH-AIR CAMP AT JACKSON'S POINT

WILL YOU send a gift to:

COMMISSIONER JAS. HAY,
20 Albert Street Toronto

We cannot REFUSE these poor kiddies! CAN YOU?

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE CONGRESS THE ARMY'S GREAT 1932 EVENT

To be conducted by the

CHIEF OF THE STAFF

THE eyes of all Salvationists are now centred on the great event of this great year — The Golden Jubilee Congress.

There can be only one such event—a Golden Jubilee never comes twice—and every effort is being made to make the celebration worthy of the occasion and one which will glisten in the memory for many a long day.

First, the dates! Get your diary out and book them right away—OCTOBER 13th to 19th.

The mecca—TORONTO, where the Massey Hall and the Varsity Arena have been secured for the various public gatherings.

And then, the Congress Leaders! The hearts of all Salvationists are thrilling with joy to know that the Chief of the Staff, together with Mrs. Mapp, will be journeying from the International centre to conduct this year's auspicious assemblies.

The central meeting of the Congress will be the Jubilee gathering on Sunday afternoon, October 16th, in the Massey Hall. The Rt. Hon. the Prime Minister of Canada is expected, and already quite a number of notable gentlemen, together with their ladies, have agreed to be present. This will be a brilliant function in which the strength and effectiveness of The Salvation Army in the Dominion will doubtless be set forth.

Apart from the devotional gatherings, there will be a Young People's Demonstration on the Saturday night, and a massed Musical Festival on the Monday night. Crowded houses are expected at all these events.

Following the public gatherings, Officers' meetings will take place in the Hygeia Hall.

Commissioner and Mrs. Hay, Canada's valiant Leaders, will be by the Chief of the Staff's side throughout these eagerly-anticipated days and they will be supported by Colonel and Mrs. Dalziel, and the Territorial Staff.

Tell your friends about the Congress, and pray that this great Jubilee year event will be memorable in spiritual conquests for the King.

Fuller details of the various Congress engagements will be announced in later issues of "The War Cry."



PROMOTED TO GLORY

Lieutenant Mary Hopkins, of St. John's, Newfoundland, Answers the Call

THE funeral service of Lieutenant Mary Hopkins was conducted by Brigadier Burton on Saturday afternoon, August 6th, at Gowen Street Citadel, St. John's. During the service which was very impressive, the Rev. J. Gillard, a cousin of our promoted comrade, offered prayer on behalf of the relatives and friends residing in the northern part of the Island.

The cortege, escorted by The Army Band and a number of Officers, made its way to The Army Plot in Blackmarsh Road Cemetery. Around the open grave the comrades present rededicated their lives to God in the song, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."

A memorial service was conducted by Brigadier Burton, assisted by Major Cornick, when tributes were paid to the Lieutenant's life and service. Mrs. Cornick prayed, Mrs. Ensign Mercer and Captain Frank Moulton sang a duet. Mrs. Adjutant Butt, Captain Janes, who was with our departed comrade at the end, Major Cornick and Mrs. Brigadier Burton who visited her, spoke of her beautiful spirit, her passion for souls, her love for God and her triumphant finish. A man from Britannia came to the front and told how the Lieutenant had led him to Christ. The Brigadier gave a soul-stirring address.

Lieutenant Hopkins entered the Training Garrison at St. John's, from her home Corps at Englee, in September, 1928. Of a quiet and gentle disposition, she won the esteem of her Training Garrison Officers by her exemplary character and devotion.

Her first appointment was to Birch Bay, where she was forced to rest for a period of five months to recuperate her health, after which she spent a year at Britannia, and during the past winter worked as assistant to Captain Abbott at Seal Cove where, in a special campaign, many souls were converted. At both cottage and public meetings the Lieutenant played her part so strenuously that her delicate constitution gave way, and a few weeks ago she came to the city for medical treatment. On Monday, August 1st, she entered Grace Hospital, from where, on Thursday, the end came with startling suddenness.

The influence of this young Salvationist will not soon fade.

Coming Events

COMMISSIONER & MRS. HAY WESTERN CAMPAIGN

WINNIPEG, Mon Aug 29
REGINA, Tues Aug 30
CALGARY, Thurs Sept 1
VICTORIA, Sun Sept 4
NANAIMO, Thurs Sept 8
CHILLIWACK, Fri Sept 9
VANCOUVER, Sun Mon Tues Sept 11 to 13
KAMLOOPS, Thurs Sept 15
EDMONTON, Sat to Mon Sept 17 to 19
RED DEER, Tues Sept 20
GLEICHEN, Wed Sept 21
HIGH RIVER, Thurs Sept 22
CALGARY, Sat Sun Sept 25
DRUMHELLER, Mon Sept 26
HANA, Tues Sept 27
SASKATOON, Wed Sept 28
WINNIPEG, Fri Sept 30 to Tues Oct 4
(Staff-Captain Mundy will accompany)

COLONEL DALZIEL (The Chief Secretary)

Montreal Citadel: Sat Sun Sept 25

Lieut.-Colonel Bladin: Fri Sat Sept 2; St. John III, Fri Sat 8; Charlottetown, Fri Sat 16

Major Ham: Toronto Temple, Sun Sept 4; Lisgar Street, Wed 7; Brampton, Sun 11 (evening); Rowntree, Sun 18; West Toronto, Sun 25; Dovercourt, Wed 28
Staff-Captain Keith: Toronto Temple, Sun Sept 4; Lisgar Street, Wed 7; Brampton, Sun 11 (evening); Lippincott, Mon 12; Yorkville, Sun 18; Weston, Sun 25; Dovercourt, Wed 28

TORONTO EXHIBITION VISITORS

DON'T MISS THE
Monster Open-Air Rally at Sunnyside,
Sundays, August 28 and September 4
at 8.30 p.m.

Lisgar, Earlscourt, Dovercourt
Toronto Bands w

HELPING THE UNEMPLOYED

Larger crowds than ever before are attending the Open-air meetings of SHANOVAN CORPS (Captain Halsey, Lieutenant Thompson) and we have had to move our stand to accommodate the crowds on the sidewalks.

Our Band often travels one or two hundred miles a week to reach outside towns. Recently the town bandmaster loaned us his car and so proved to be of much assistance to us.

In one town a request came to visit an aged sick lady, a visit which brought much blessing to her.

On Thursday we had the pleasure of helping some seventy-five unemployed men who had drifted here. The Captain held a meeting with them, after which refreshments were served and much enjoyed.

Our Officers' Quarters have been renovated and are now neat and comfortable.

Prayer is requested on behalf of the Taylor family, a daughter of which has recently passed away, and also for Eric, our youngest Band-member, ill in hospital.—A.J.

ARMY FUNERAL REQUESTED

The sister-comrades of LETHBRIDGE CORPS (Adjutant and Mrs. Fuglesang) led by Mrs. Envoy Dawson, were in charge of the week-end meetings and these were a blessing to all who attended. Young People's Sergeant-Major Mrs. Starks and Sisters Beaumont and Russell assisted.

The faithful work of the comrades who regularly visit the Outpost at Bonner school-house, some thirty miles distant from the Corps, has been much blessed of God lately. In the absence of our Corps Officers, Sergeant-Major Frayne, assisted by several comrades, conducted the funeral service of an adherent of the Outpost, Brother John Bird, who had requested before he passed away that The Army conduct his funeral.

Following their furlough, our Officers conducted helpful meetings on Sunday. Envoy Alward gave the Salvation address in the night meeting. A word of praise is due to Corps Sergeant-Major Frayne for his devoted work during our Officers' absence.—L.T.



Appetites as keen as a razor's edge, induced by lakeside breezes, are the order of the day at The Army's Fresh-Air Camp at Jackson's Point. Here we have a glimpse of the girls' dining-room where appetites are lost as quickly as they are found

THE WOMEN'S REALM

Cooking, Washing, Cleaning---It was just too Disappointing UNTIL MARIE REALIZED HER DIVINE TASK

By MRS. ADJUTANT GAGE, GLACE BAY

MARIE GILBERT was discouraged—just plumb discouraged. It was her birthday, and while birthdays are usually times for rejoicing, yet with Marie the years were mounting up, the thought of which caused her to be in a very reflective mood on this particular occasion.

As she busied herself in the kitchen preparing the vegetables for dinner, she thought of the days of long ago, when, in the full flush of youth, she had given her heart to the Saviour. She had made many plans for her life then. She thrilled again as she recalled the vision that had come to her, when she pictured herself doing the things which Jesus did. Like Jesus, she wanted to go about doing good. She desired to bless the

little children; she had longed to preach the Gospel, going out into the highways and byways and compelling the people to come to Christ.

But, alas for her hopes, her plans did not materialize; home circumstances prevented the fulfilment of her dreams. Instead of being privileged to devote all her time to the spreading of the Gospel, she needs must spend her days working in the home, doing menial tasks, caring for the younger members of the family, baking numerous cakes and pies which soon vanished; cooking meals which required hours to prepare, but were eaten and forgotten in a few moments.

It was just too disappointing; it was all so different from what she

had hoped for. A tear came unbidden and trickled down her cheek. She lifted the corner of her apron and wiped it away, then continued with her seemingly unending task.

Her work of preparation was at last completed, and having placed the meat and vegetables on the stove to cook, she went into the sitting-room and sank into a chair.

"Was it worth while?" she questioned. She had wanted to do so much for Jesus and had apparently done so little. "Would He understand?" Lifting her eyes, she glanced at the table by her side upon which rested her Bible. Ah! perhaps God would have a message for her—some encouragement from His Word that would cheer her in the darkness.

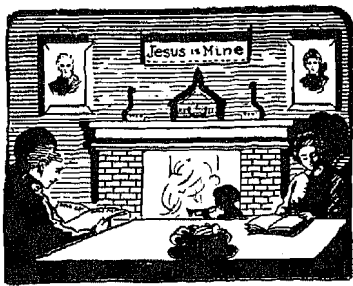
She picked up her Bible and, opening it at random glanced on the narration of Jesus preparing breakfast for the hungry and weary disciples. She read the magic words, "Come and dine." Strange that she had not noticed this before. So Jesus, too, had cared for the physical needs of His people. His hands had been engaged in the task of preparing meals for others. She felt ashamed of the rebellious thoughts which had been hers but a few moments before. She turned the pages and was fascinated as she



read the stirring story of Jesus washing the Disciples' feet, and she had thought it a lowly task to wash little hands and faces. She felt humiliated, hers was a Divine calling and she had thought it so menial.

No more would she murmur against what God had planned for her life. If she could not speak to the large crowds and persuade them to yield to God, she would use her influence over the individuals. If she could not be in charge of a large company of children in the "Juniors," she would tell Bible stories to the little ones in her own home.

She bowed her head in prayer and sought God's blessing anew upon her life; then she went back to her task of cooking and washing and mending realizing that hers was a Divine task and her life worth while after all.



THE REST CURE

An Efficient, Cheap
—and—
Pleasant Remedy

THOSE who know anything about music are aware that the "rest" in the score is just as important, though not so frequent, as the notes. Without it the notes would have no distinctive sound, but would run into one another and produce a discord that would spoil the whole piece. How a musician would smile at our folly, if we asked him to play a piece of music without any rests!

And yet, are there not many women who are just as foolish in trying to produce a harmonious life, without any "rests" in it? It is true of a life as of a piece of music that ignoring the "rests" brings discord and unpleasantness.

The rest here mentioned is not the ordinary night's rest, for that we must have, but the taking of periodical rests during the day.

Doctors tell us that much of the "nerviness" from which so many women suffer to-day, would be entirely avoided if only the women would make a practice of lying down in a perfectly relaxed attitude for even so short a period as ten minutes. If done regularly every day, much of the mental trouble of middle age, and the nervous breakdowns that so frequently occur, would be avoided.

If this be so (and there is abundant proof that it is) it is surely worth while to try and so arrange our day that the rest time shall be deemed just as necessary as the doing of any other duty.

It is not an easy matter to so arrange, for so frequently just as one gets "settled down" someone rings the door bell, or a tradesman calls, and yet if we were told that without it we would die within the year, we would manage to get it somehow.

A Field Officer's wife once went to a leading Staff Officer with some question of spiritual import to her, and after the Staff Officer had faithfully and carefully helped her in that matter, he said, "And now, my good woman, I want to know if you would like to add ten years to your very useful life?" "Add ten years to my life, Colonel; whatever do you mean?" she exclaimed. "Just this," replied the good man; "I can see by your manner that you are a little woman that always lives up to the utmost of your strength, and, therefore, have no reserve to fall back on if sickness comes. A little period of rest taken regularly every day would supply you with that reserve, and enable you to throw off sickness much more easily,

besides soothing overwrought nerves.

"To lie down with the limbs absolutely relaxed, making no effort even to think of anything may seem difficult at first, but perseverance will soon alter that, and the benefit derived will indeed be as I say, an adding of ten years to your usefulness."

A minister was once asked what he would do that he had left undone, if he had opportunity to begin his career again. Without hesitation he replied, "I would take a regular period of rest, preferably on Monday of every week, and I believe, had I done so from the first, I would have been good for many more years' work than I will now be."

And so you see "Rest Cure" has much to recommend it. It is efficacious, it is cheap, it is pleasant, and it will benefit not only the person who takes it, but all the household, inasmuch that irritability will be a much rarer occurrence, and "the Majesty of Calmness" much more apparent.

KITCHEN MAXIMS

There is no work like early work.
A good manager looks ahead.
Clear as you go; muddle makes more muddle.
Salt brings out other flavors.
Dirt may be hated, but should never be hidden.
Never put the handles of knives into hot water.

ETERNAL LOVE

"God is Love."—1 John 4:16

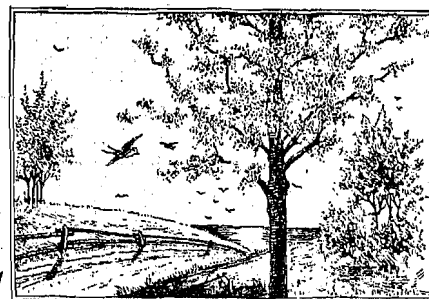
GOD IS LOVE! His works declare,
Land and sea and sky and air;
From above, beneath, around—
Limitless God's Love is found.

GOD IS LOVE! From every breeze
Gently stirring 'mong the trees,
Whispers come in tenderness,—
"GOD IS LOVE!—He is!—He is!"

"GOD IS LOVE!"—That is the song
Birdies sing the whole day long.
Can we listen, can we hear,
And not feel His presence near?

GOD IS LOVE! In sweetest tone,
Comes assurance He alone
Can and will our needs supply,
More than all will satisfy.

GOD IS LOVE! How can we doubt,
When beneath and round about
Is His everlasting arm
Shielding us from every harm?



GOD IS LOVE! O'er land and sea,
Through time and space, no end shall be!
Heralds from Heaven their message bear—
"ETERNAL LOVE IS EVERYWHERE!"

—Albert E. Elliott,
Saskatoon, Sask.

Things Every Woman Should Know

An Excellent Darning Hint.—Procure some white mosquito netting. Tack on a sufficient size to cover the thin place or hole, and darn through the net, taking every other hole, basket fashion, with the usual mending wool and a fine darning needle.

To Extract a Splinter.—When a splinter has been driven deep into the hand it can be extracted painlessly by steam. Nearly fill a wide-mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle, and press tightly. The suction will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extricate the splinter and the inflammation disappear.

Insipid Water.—To take away the flat, insipid taste from water after it has been boiled, take it into the fresh air, and pour it from one jug into another two or three times. The water will absorb some of the oxygen from the air, and it will be found that the flat taste will have entirely disappeared.

Broken Button-holes in Linen.—The article must be washed to free it from stiffening, then with a fine needle and cotton neatly draw the broken ends together, and on the underside stitch a tiny strip of narrow tape across to make it stronger, taking care not to let the stitches show through. Remove the broken threads, and work the button-hole round again. Make a strong bar at the weak end by taking

the needle under and over three or four times, and button-hole closely.

Good Coffee.—Coffee should be made with cold water, and fifteen minutes is the proper time to allow for it to come to a boil. It should boil five minutes.

Polishing the piano.—If the woodwork of the piano looks blurred, rub it with a soft cloth dipped in one tablespoonful of turpentine and two of olive oil. It will not injure the piano.

The breakfast bacon.—After cutting off the rind of bacon, dip each piece in flour. The flour prevents the bacon from running too much to fat, and also improves the flavor.

Reviving vegetables.—Root vegetables, such as turnips and carrots, that have been withered, need not be thrown away. Revive them by slicing off ends and laying them in cold water. In a few hours their natural freshness will be restored.

Ink stains.—To remove ink from white goods, soak half an hour in vinegar, wash, soak in solution of chloride of lime, and wash.

Frosting.—There will be no trouble in making boiled frosting harder if a pinch of cream of tartar is added to the beaten white of the egg.

Removing grease stains from leather.—Moisten round the edges of the stains with water, then paint with rubber solution. In a few minutes the layer of rubber may be peeled off, when the grease stain, having been absorbed by the rubber, will have vanished.

LOOKING AFTER THE LINO

When actually putting down the linoleum, the golden rule is to have as few joins as possible. It is, of course, impossible to avoid a certain number of joins, but this number should be kept at a minimum, for water will soak in between the patches and rot the linoleum. Linoleum as it arrives from the shop, by the way, is always in a brittle condition; and it will be much more pliable and workable if kept in a warm room for a few days before use.

Three or four washings with water per year are quite enough, using warm water and soap. Between the washings, say at fortnightly intervals, the linoleum should be given a good rub with an antiseptic polish; while every day the dirt and dust should be brushed up and the linoleum finished off with a slightly oiled mop.

: WITH THE HEAD HUNTERS :

Major and Mrs. Woodward Relate Some Stirring Stories of Salvation Service in Celebes

OVER fifteen years ago Major and Mrs. Woodward, who, until that time, had been Corps Officers in Great Britain, set sail for the Dutch East Indies, and appointed to Celebes, they pioneered The Army's work in Kantewoe, where less than a lifetime ago the people were head-hunters. The Salvationists were to them the first messengers of the living God. The Major, who, with Mrs. Woodward, is now enjoying his second homeland furlough since he first went out to the Dutch East Indies, is the Divisional Officer for the island of Celebes, and Kantewoe is only a part of his island domain. When interviewed by the British "War Cry" some days ago, however, he paid an unconscious tribute to his work at Kantewoe, by taking as the subject of his first story, an Officer who came into contact with The Army when he attended the school which the Major opened in the village.

The boy lived about eight kilometres from the Kantewoe, and was one of a number whom the chiefs of surrounding villages had undertaken to send to the school. Rongka, as the boy was called, objected. He had no desire to walk eight kilometres every day to attend a school. So, showing a good deal of ingenuity, he visited the village priest and asked him to chop out all his front teeth, as he would do to a boy who had reached manhood. The priest did as he was requested, and the boy thought that in this way he would deceive the authorities who, seeing him toothless, would regard him as a man and not oblige him to attend school. To Rongka's chagrin the ruse did not work!

Enterprising Rongka

Once he began, however, school was not as terrifying or distasteful as Rongka might have imagined. The only objection he had now was the distance he had to walk every day. To remedy this, he carried some light bedding with him one day and dumped it in Major Woodward's kitchen. On making inquiries the Major found that the boy, weary of daily walking to and from home, had decided to remain at the Quarters. In the early mornings, he said, he could work in the garden until it was time to start lessons, and then in the afternoon,

when schooling was done, he could do the same again. As for sleeping accommodation, what he had brought and the shelter of the kitchen would be sufficient.

As the boy seemed intelligent and showed considerable promise the Major decided to allow him to remain.

Every morning and afternoon Rongka, with the greatest regularity, would toil in the garden, and so well did he work that before long Mrs. Woodward decided to reward him with a pair of trousers which she made!

After some years Rongka sought Salvation and became a Junior Soldier. His name, which meant "burnt rice," and had been given him because of a childish preference, was changed to the more Biblical "Moses." When he was old enough he was made a Cadet, studied to become a teacher, and was then commissioned as an Officer. To-day he holds an appointment in the Major's Division.

A Useful Gift

At the village to which he was appointed he built a school and, from various sources, provided an entire equipment, including benches and blackboards. He also formed a flute band and the drum, which was given by a London Corps Cadet Brigade, is beaten every Sunday morning to call the people to the meeting!

His conversion and development are all the more remarkable when it is remembered that his people, living in Kantewoe and the surrounding district, were completely ignorant of anything connected with the religion of Jesus Christ. The oldest among them could well remember the time when prisoners captured in raids upon other villages were sacrificed on religious feast days to appease the wrath of the evil spirits who were believed to dwell in the water, the trees, the ground, and the sky. Many among them as babies, had had their hands placed upon the spears which the warriors had thrown at the victim after he had been beheaded. The mothers thought that in that way, so long as there was one nerve left quivering in the dead man's body, the strength of the victim would be passed on to their offspring. The people had never heard of an Omni-

present God, either friendly or unfriendly to the human race, and little by little the Salvationists had to build up, in their child-like minds, a conception of the One True God and of Jesus the Saviour of the world, who was more powerful than all the evil spirits. Of these people was Rongka, or Moses, as he was afterwards called. The work of Major and Mrs. Woodward at Kantewoe would not have been in vain had he been the only convert.

Another interesting trophy in the Major's Division is Wajoe, once a heathen priestess in one of the villages, and now known as Hannah. Her son attended The Army's school and was converted. Later he was enrolled as a Soldier and his name was changed to Samuel. The mother became so interested in The Army that she attended the meetings and was also converted. When the question of a change of name was discussed, as it always is with new converts, especially in view of the fact that many of the natives' names have evil meanings, she chose "Hannah," because, she said, she had heard of a story in the Bible in which a mother, whose son's name was Samuel, was called Hannah! She is now wearing uniform.

One of the chief difficulties with which Missionaries are faced in Celebes is the question of languages. Every village, practically, has a different language, which has been handed down from mouth to mouth for hundreds of years and this, more than anything else, has contributed to the ill-will which has existed between various peoples of the island.

Facing Difficulties

The frequent raids and fights were often brought about as the result of enmities and suspicions which would never have arisen if the people of the different villages had been able to understand each other properly. Major Woodward had to face the difficulty when he first went to Kantewoe. He overcame it to some extent by translating certain things which were absolutely essential, recording the sounds by means of ordinary Latin characters and making the people understand what was meant. In this way the Major translated the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the "Articles of War," and a number of songs and choruses. The Major has also compiled a dictionary of about four thousand words.

FAROE ISLES

Visited by Colonel Holmes

Attended by nearly 300 people, the biggest Army Open-air meeting yet known at Thornshavn, Faroe Isles, was held during the visit of Colonel George Holmes. The crowd was greatly impressed. There was one seeker in the night meeting. The Colonel's messages and descriptions of Army work keenly interested the people, who as yet do not know very much about the Organization. Captain Spencer and Captain Kjaerbo are in command.

UNDER CANVAS

Commissioner Peyron, who for a number of years has held summer tent campaigns among holiday-makers at Le Chambon-sur-Lignon, in Central France, last Sunday commenced another series of meetings there. The campaign, which will last fifteen days, is attended in the main by people who have no connections with The Army, although Salvationists from the neighboring Home of Rest and Scout and Guard Holiday Camps also attend. The Commissioner is supported in this endeavor by a party of Officers from Paris.

The difficulty is most noticeable nowadays in so far as Young People's work is concerned, and particularly in connection with the Corps Cadet Movement, for when a young Salvationist wishes to become a Corps Cadet he must first make sure that he has a good knowledge of Malay, which is taught in all schools and will probably become the *lingua franca* in Celebes. Once he knows Malay well enough, the Corps Cadet can begin to do his lessons. Incidentally, he also becomes extremely useful to his Divisional Commander, for all public meetings have to be conducted in the language of the village in which they are held, and when the Major visits the different Corps it is usually a bright young Corps Cadet who translates the address from Malay into the tribal language!

(To be concluded)



CHILDREN FOR SALE

Consternation in Iceland

During the recent Iceland Congress conducted by Colonel Holmes, a "Sale of Children" Demonstration was announced. This caused great excitement in Reykjavik. Repeated telephone messages were received at the Headquarters, some people making inquiries, some hoping to purchase the children, and others lodging protests. Eventually a phone message was received from the Police Headquarters saying that the announcement bills would have to be removed as the sale would not be allowed.

Needless to say, the Hall was packed, and a seeker knelt at the Mercy-seat at the close of the meeting.

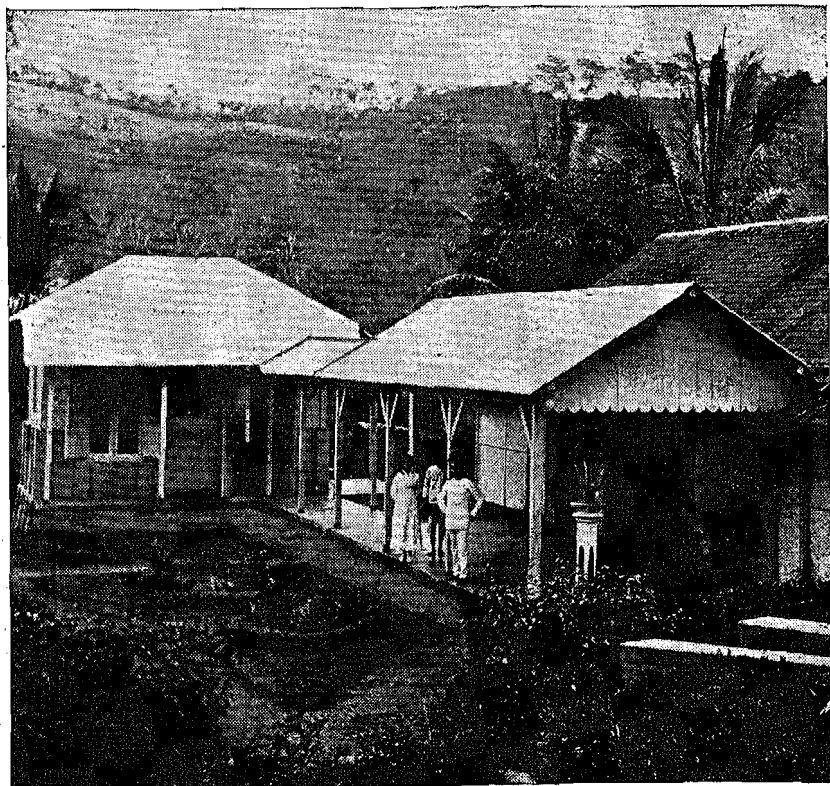
There were seekers at every public meeting during the Congress.

The "Sale of Children" is a graphic representation of the various forces such as "Pleasure," "Ambition," "Self," which bid for the lives of young people. It is very familiar to older Salvationists in this country.

FOR SOUTH AMERICA

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. Hodgson, who have been appointed to Buenos Ayres, where the Colonel will take up his new duties as Chief Secretary for the South American (East) Territory, have now reached their new appointment.

Lieut.-Colonel Robert H. Stevens has been appointed to take charge of the South America (West) Command, which embraces the Republics of Chile, Peru, and Bolivia. He succeeds Brigadier Karl Johanson, who will be receiving a new appointment.



Heep Hospital, Java, which is managed under the Officer-in-Charge of the Pelantoengan Leper Colony, and meets the need of non-leprous patients from the villages in the districts

THE JUBILEE "WAR CRY"

Send a copy to
your friends abroad



COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,

James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Alaska, and Newfoundland, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

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All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

GENERAL ORDER

HARVEST FESTIVAL

At every Corps throughout the Territory, Harvest Festival celebrations will take place during the month of September, in accordance with the dates agreed upon, and detailed instructions issued through the Divisional Commanders. May God crown the whole with His blessing.

JAMES HAY,
Commissioner.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS:

Major William Adams, to Hamilton Men's Social (Assistant)
Ensign Robert Watt, to Finance Department, Territorial Headquarters.

JAMES HAY,
Commissioner.

The Golden West

Our Territorial Leaders Leave for Strenuous Campaign in Western Canada

AS THIS issue of "The War Cry" goes to press, the Commissioner and Mrs. Hay are preparing to leave on their first official tour to Western Canada. It will not be our leaders' first trip through this great western section of the Dominion, by any means, for the Commissioner passed through Canada in 1914, and again, with Mrs. Hay, on his return from New Zealand, to take command of the British Field in 1921. However, it will be their first real touch with Western Salvationists, both Officers and Soldiers, in what was recently known as the Canada West Territory, and we congratulate our comrade-Officers and Soldiers of the West in having the Dominion leaders in their midst. We predict for them a time of great spiritual uplift.

In looking over the Commissioner's plan of Campaign for the West one can fairly visualize all that it will demand. There will be one constant whirl of public engagements in places small and great, and throughout the trip, wherever Officers can be conveniently gathered, the Commissioner will meet them, and impart timely counsel from which we confidently believe they will go forth to the battle better fitted for the fray.

It is the Commissioner's plan to inspect most of the outstanding properties of the West, and here again, our Territorial Commander's long and varied knowledge of this particular branch of our work will serve him well, and the West with profit.

In addition to the general meetings, the Commissioner will endeavor to meet as many leading citizens as possible in the places to be visited.

Mrs. Hay will, wherever possible, meet the noble women workers of the Home Leagues, and from her long experience with such gatherings we are confident much good will accrue.

It is difficult at the moment to speak with any accuracy of the exact mileage the extensive tour will cover, but it is safe to say that over 7,000 miles will be covered by rail, while hundreds of miles will be traversed by boat and motor.

Suffice to say the trip will be just now are "white unto harvest."

FINLAND'S CONGRESS

Concluding Phase of Victorious Campaign Led by the GENERAL & MRS. HIGGINS

THE cables already published in "The War Cry" have indicated the success of the Forty-first Annual Congress in Finland, conducted by the General and Mrs. Higgins. It has indeed been one of the most fruitful Congresses yet known in the land of a thousand lakes.

The Hamalaisten talo Hall, used for the Officers' meetings, presented scenes of holy consecration. For two days the Officers listened to the General and Mrs. Higgins, receiving fresh light from their messages. Emotions were stirred, new desires aroused, especially during the final Session, and in the prayer-meeting there were touching scenes of re-consecration.

During the Congress the General and Mrs. Higgins have carried through a very heavy program without any apparent diminution in their vigor. In all the public meetings, and most of the Officers' gatherings, addresses were given by the distinguished visitors, and their stirring messages found a way to many hearts. Hardly had the prayer-meetings begun before seekers had gone forward to the Mercy-seat. The effort put forth by the General and Mrs. Higgins was repaid by increased affection and a determination to seek God's aid in living up to the standards which they have declared.

TIME and again during these days the streets of "The White City of the North" have been filled with Salvation color and music, the marches sweeping through shopping centres and main streets. Crowded audiences in the largest buildings, generous Press notices concerning the Congress, and interviews with the General have been among the evidences of public interest, esteem, and confidence.

The demonstration depicting The Army's achievements among the young (conducted by Brigadier Paalanen, the Young People's Secretary) indicated much progress, particularly among the Life-Saving Guards. One item of great interest was rope climbing by three Sunbeams. An Army Badge was fastened to the top of each rope, and the first one to reach the top was to take the badge, hurry down, and attach it to the General's coat. The game was won by the smallest of the three girls.

Ex-Soldiers were not invited to

the meeting for Soldiers because the Temple is packed with active Salvationists on such occasions, the number of Soldiers in the Territory having much increased during the past two years.

Some moving scenes have been witnessed during the surrender of more than six hundred seekers for Salvation and Holiness. Officers engaged in The Army's work on behalf of the deaf and dumb dealt during the prayer-meetings with those in their care, and several deaf and dumb were seen among the penitents. No sight amongst the wonders witnessed during the Congress was more touching than the Penitent-form conversations and prayers of those so afflicted, that they had to make all communications with signs.

MEETINGS attended by people almost all of whom speak one of two languages presents great difficulties, but in Finland these are overcome by doubling many of the Congress events, such as the Welcome meeting, which filled two spacious Halls with an interested congregation. The General and Mrs. Higgins have acquired great facility in the use of translators on the public platform. They spoke out their hearts with the utmost freedom and with almost no perceptible loss in the force of their messages by reason of its repetition in both Finnish and Swedish. There are many excellent translators among The Army Officers in Finland, and they did splendid service.

Colonel Westergaard, the Territorial Commander, and Mrs. Westergaard, Lieut.-Colonel Simpson, the Chief Secretary, together with Territorial and Divisional Staffs, ably supported the General and Mrs. Higgins, and among those who had a part in the various programs were Missionary Officers on furlough, including Major and Mrs. Cedervall, Adjutants Gustafsson and Sundberg from China, and Ensign and Mrs. Poutialainen from Celebes. Major Thomsen from Denmark, Adjutant Lockyer from Latvia, Adjutant Magge Larsson from Norway, Captain Elisabeth Balsaitis from Latvia, Captain Ambrosen and Envoy Bakul from Estonia, and Sergeant Aalto from U.S.A., were amongst the welcome visitors.

In spite of their very heavy program the General and Mrs. Higgins also found time to visit The Army's Home for Girls in Pukimäki, near Helsingfors.—E. Jernstedt, Major.

Under Farewell Orders:

The General having decided upon a change of appointment for Lieut.-Commissioner Mrs. Povlsen, who, since April, 1930, has been in charge of the Women's Social Work in the United Kingdom, the Commissioner will relinquish her present responsibilities on Thursday, September 15th.

Before taking up this appointment the Commissioner was responsible for the Women's Social Work in Sweden, and with this experience and her pre-

unique from many standpoints, and when the Commissioner returns to Toronto, he will be possessed of first-hand information regarding the West, and, we pray, inspiration from the memory of wondrous gatherings.

We prophecy that the Commissioner and Mrs. Hay will leave along the highways and byways of Canada West a trail of blessing which will prove its worth in the coming Winter Campaign.

As they journey across the vast prairies, the veteran campaigners will see the West in the glory of its harvest dress, and will glimpse the busy farmers as they cut their way-ing grain, for the vast prairie lands

Changes of Appointment Affecting the Women's Social Work

vious knowledge of Women's Social Work in other lands she was able, immediately upon her appointment to Great Britain, to give a vigorous and understanding lead to this branch of Army activity.

On relinquishing her appointment the Commissioner will visit Sweden, where she will take a prominent part in connection with the Jubilee celebrations now proceeding in that Territory.

They will also pass through the mighty Rockies, standing as they have throughout the centuries as a mark of the Creator's handiwork, and on through to the great Pacific with its populations in Vancouver and Victoria. We know that their paramount thought will be of that greater spiritual harvest in which we are all engaged, of the spiritual fields "white unto harvest."

Let us pray that many souls may be reaped during this initial visit of our leaders to these far-flung Western Provinces.

God bless the mighty West, and may he strengthen and uphold our leaders as they face the burdens of their great responsibility.

A SIGHT UNPARALLELED

Commander Evangeline Booth Addresses Olympiad of Religion in Los Angeles

THE esteemed leader of The Army's forces in the United States, Commander Evangeline Booth, was honored in being invited to address the final meeting of the Olympiad of Religion, held in the famous Hollywood Bowl, sponsored by the Church Federation of Los Angeles. Salvationists from all the surrounding country participated in this unprecedented religious gathering.

The great Amphitheatre, seating twenty-five thousand people, was crowded to capacity, constituting a sight unparalleled in the religious history of California.

The Commander's eloquent appeal stirred the multitude and created a profound impression. None present will ever forget the inspiring sight when the entire audience stood as an act of consecration at the close of an address which captivated all hearts from the opening sentence to the closing words.

The Commander expressed the opinion that this Hollywood Bowl meeting was the greatest religious service she had ever conducted in her career. One hundred and fifty of the leading citizens formed a welcome committee, and a choir of a thousand voices sang choice pieces, honoring the Commander by singing her splendid composition, "I bring Thee all." Los Angeles Band furnished the music.

The Commander was loyally supported by Commissioners Orames and Peart, Colonels Crawford, Clark and Griffith, Major Kranz and the Divisional Staff.—Robert Rooney, Major.

"War Cry" No. 1

Copy of First Issue of The Army's Salvation Newspaper Printed in Canada Given Away with the Golden Jubilee Issue

A SPECIAL Golden Jubilee Number of "The War Cry" is now on the press. The preparation of this unique publication has occupied many months. There has been much digging and delving into ancient Army records in order to obtain a representative collection of pen and ink sketches of early-day happenings.

Would you like to see the first Corps report from your Corps ever printed in "The War Cry"? You may see it among the number which appear in the special Supplement which is presented with every copy of the Jubilee Special.

This Supplement is a reprint of the very first copy of "The War Cry" printed in Canada. It furnishes a most interesting study, and will be perused with unusual interest.

The Golden Jubilee "War Cry" is quite unlike anything yet attempted in the Dominion, or, in fact, in Army circles anywhere. It reviews the birth and growth of The Army in Canada in fascinating manner, and with its colored covers and first-class art work furnishes a Souvenir of the Jubilee which is worthy of the great event.

The issue is full of story, and among the contributions are messages from the General and from Commissioner Hay, each accompanied by up-to-date photographs, while excellent studies of the Founder and General Bramwell Booth are associated with references to campaigns conducted in the Dominion by The Army's first Generals.

The issue is dated September 24th, and will be on sale very shortly. The price is ten cents, which includes, of course, the special Supplement. Order your copy immediately. There will be a big demand.

THE GOLDEN
JUBILEE CONGRESS
HALLELUJAH JUBILATIONS
Plan To Be There

"A Workman that Needeth Not to be Ashamed"

ARE YOU a WORKING MAN?

A Labor Day Meditation



ARE you a working man? You are! Then be proud of it!

Some folks seem to think it beneath them to acknowledge that they belong to the working classes. How strange human nature is! "What is your husband?" you ask a woman. "Oh," she replies, "he's something in the city." From that she hopes you will place him as a lawyer rather than the packer he is, or as a departmental head rather than a window-cleaner.

But why be ashamed of being a workman. Rather an honest office-sweeper than a dishonest stockbroker; rather an upright farm-hand than an unprincipled company promoter.

There is a dignity about labor. The laborer is the man who helps to build a nation. Christ was a laborer. He toiled in the carpenter's shop. He labored in Galilee. He lived a life of hard work.

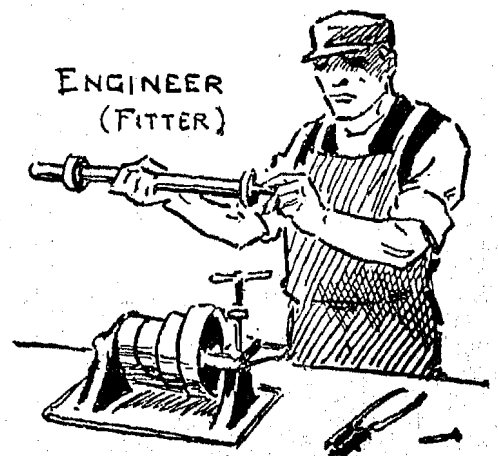
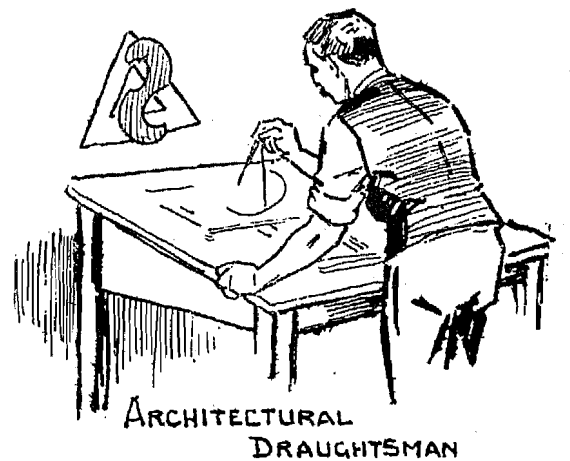
Our mental visioning of Jesus, as He was in the days of his flesh, must often be far from the actual. His were not the hands, so often pictured, that knew no toil; they were rough with work at the bench; He knew the back-aching fatigue of pushing the plane and handling the saw. He helped make that stool and that table in their little home in Bethany.

And there were no blemishes in His work; no rough edges; no flaws. He was a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

He came to leave us an example, and in this can we not emulate Him? Whatever our job; be it in lowly ways or in high places, He teaches us to do it as well as we can. It matters not whether we work an elevator, follow the plough, preach the Gospel or sell groceries over the counter, we can glorify God by being workmen that needeth not to be ashamed. And what then?

As one writer has so well put it: "We can become partakers of Christ's Spirit, and do our work as unto Him, and by and by we shall enter into His glory, and we shall not be rewarded for the greatness of the work we have done, but rather for the faithfulness with which we have done it. The carpenter who has built houses; the man who has carried a hod; the clerk who has toiled over the ledger; if he has done it faithfully, with his heart washed in the Blood and full of love for the Master and his fellowmen, shall have as abundant an entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of Jesus the Carpenter, as the man who preached the Gospel to thousands, or governed states and ruled kingdoms."

That is the glorious possibility open to each one of us. Let us not miss it.—B.C.





WHERE ROMANCE FLOURISHES

Japanese Testify to Wonders Wrought in Comparative Exile in Korea

He looks about him with every evidence of pleasure written upon his expressive features. He was once a wicked man; he was a confirmed drunkard who continually plunged heavily into debt, so that on the last day of every year his family were turned out of their home by his creditors.

As he tells his story, the merry twinkle dies from his eye, and his mouth droops the least bit. But there is a transformation when he speaks of the manner in which he met The Army, how he was led to the Cross of Christ, and what he experienced of conversion thereat. Drunkenness, with all its attendant evils, disappeared from that moment, and the path of his story since that time has been considerably in the ascendant.

The Founder's Influence

An aged man moves forward on silent feet, and bows to the audience, what times he smiles at the Officers in charge. In quiet voice, ringing with conviction, he tells the story of a Christian experience which has extended over many years. It was the visit of The Army Founder to Japan which influenced his life and thought, and caused him to find in Christ the Way of Truth and Life. He had read "The War Cry," and other Army literature. But he had never joined The Army.

It was only when he and his family had come to Seoul to live, and where, to their amazement, they found The Army at work, and, more interesting than all, a Japanese Corps well established, that they had joined themselves to its enthusiasts.

This was not an easy proceeding, for their friends, who were influential people, had opposed them most vehemently, and to persist against their wishes was to find themselves considerably ostracized by their class. Nevertheless he and his wife and their children are zealous Salvationists, maintaining a high standard for

righteousness under The Army Flag.

A refined little lady then offered her testimony. She and her sister had been too poor to attend High School. Yet they felt it was necessary to acquire education by some means, so it was decided that in order to get money for their studies, the elder sister should earn for the younger.

Very bravely the younger sister resisted this plan, declaring she would not allow her sister to work for her in this manner, so they both became telephone switchboard operators at the Post Office.

When, of an evening, they attended the local cinema entertainment, they saw pictures of Europeans which opened to them new ideas regarding dress, and they began to wish that they might become "grand ladies." From this point, everything which was distinctly worldly became attractive to them. They read a great deal. They even began to try to write novels. Then the elder girl was attracted to The Salvation Army.

It was an arresting challenge which was presented to her at this time. Nevertheless she was converted, and her views were instantly changed. She wished to follow Christ in all things. Being literary-minded, she wrote a little paper describing how Christ had changed her heart and her desires. One of the Post Office officials saw the manuscript, and published it in the Post Office magazine for civil servants. Other people in the Post Office were led to seek Christ by the medium of this article, and a number of them are now good Soldiers of The Salvation Army.

A Joyful Sequel

What a contrast there was in the person of the next speaker! A charcoal stove maker he, and, though a young man, a lazy drunkard, by all repute, when he was brought into contact with The Army. He was now a new creature in Christ Jesus. Note the joy with which he tells the sequel:

"To-day," says he, "I make two stoves instead of one every day. Instead of living on such money as I may be able to extort from my father, I am able to send him money myself, and moreover, I am able to provide money that my younger brother may be able to complete his studies."

A very rough character was the next speaker, an old man who had been in prison four times, and whose reputation was a very bad one. On the last occasion of his discharge from prison he saw what he describes as "A clean, glad lot of people. I followed them. In this very Hall they showed me how to make full confession of my wickedness to Jesus. I gladly obeyed. He forgave me. He gave me a new heart."

When one of the prison officials heard of his new turn in life, he came seeking poor old Fuchida, and found that the story was wonderfully true. But it was another Fuchida, so changed had he become.

"Like Fuchida"

On his return to the prisoners in his charge, the official said, "When you leave this place, go to The Salvation Army. They know how you can be changed like Fuchida."

Ere the meeting closed the wife of a government official rose to give her testimony. She had felt her need of God, and told some of her best friends of her trouble. But she was told, "Oh, yes, Christian religion is like Japanese tea—it is not sweet, but you feel good after taking it." On coming to Korea to continue her studies, this lady found The Salvation Army, and, through its ministrations, made her peace with Christ the Redeemer. She is ever happy to give her testimony.

WHICH WOULD YOU BE?

- I would be true, for there are those who trust me.
- I would be pure, for there are those who care.
- I would be strong, for there is much to suffer.
- I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
- I would be friend to all, my Saviour died for all mankind.
- I would be giving, and forget the gift.
- I would be humble, for I know my weakness.
- I would extol the name of Jesus, and plead His cleansing Blood.
- I would walk my pilgrim journey in the strength of Him alone.
- And hold fast to His promise to be with me to the end.

Only a few of the older Soldiers remembered her. Years rolled by; she had to remain at home now—sick and lonely. Yet she found a wonderful joy in the companionship of her Saviour. . . .

Some weeks ago the neighbors missed Dolly. Her house was quiet; no one sat on the doorstep any more; so they went into the poor little home on day—and found her on her bed, desperately ill. She was rushed to the hospital, and The Army Officer was called.

Before Dolly passed away the one-time Corps Cadet of her convert days came to her bedside. Dolly smiled feebly when she saw her, and then, rallying all her strength for a final effort, gave, slowly and distinctly, a wonderful testimony to God's power and beauty in her life.

A short while after her soul left its temple of clay. "Dolly"—with her robes washed white in the Blood of the Lamb—was "Promoted to Glory."

They gave her an Army funeral, for to the end she was a Soldier—though almost forgotten!

THERE is a rapidly-increasing Japanese population in Korea. To some people this might seem to present a problem. To The Salvation Army it could appear as none other than an opportunity. Was it any wonder, therefore, that a Corps should be opened on behalf of these newcomers, and that two young Japanese Officers—a married pair—should be sent from Japan to minister to their own national folk in Seoul?

The Hall was rented at first for one day weekly, as most of the meetings were held in the open-air. It took two or three months to capture the first convert, and then there was a second. Holiness meetings and gatherings for Salvation Soldiers were next established, these being held in the Officers' Quarters; the total attendance was the two converts and two friends.

A Prevailing Characteristic

Persistence is a prevailing characteristic amongst the Japanese people, however; but it is also progressive, and so this little group failed not to function in the most enthusiastic manner until, nowadays, there is a Corps of fifty uniformed Salvationists. Among them many classes are represented, from the Government official to the little servant girl.

The meetings at this Japanese Corps in Seoul are always interesting. Let us find our way into a testimony meeting, stepping silently into the room filled with clean, bright, happy warriors of the Blood and Fire Flag. They are worshipping the true and living God.

Here stands a man of mature years.



DOLLY THE SECOND



Hell's Minions Clamored for her Soul and Body, but the Kindness of a Lassie Corps Cadet, and the Grace of God, plucked her from the Burning

IT IS ONLY a few weeks since "Dolly" passed away to the Better Land. Few were acquainted with the story of her virtually friendless life; it had almost been a tragedy. In fact, it was only the interest of a Corps Cadet lassie that saved Dolly from an utterly hopeless end.

One night, about fifteen years ago, Dolly stepped quietly into an Army Hall. Her soul was blackened by sin; she was despised by "respectable" people, a woman of the streets. Worship of the good and true seemed alien to her nature—and yet deep within her soul was a stifled yearning for purity.

Her life had been blighted and cursed by sin; she was dwelling in the most abysmal depths of degradation! Nevertheless, in that Army meeting, a pure-souled lassie Corps Cadet felt led to speak to her.

Dolly was startled by the unusualness of the situation. Long suppressed aspirations were awakened—and the Corps Cadet had the infinite joy of leading her to the Penitent-form.

There the alchemy of Divine Love throbbed through Dolly's life, melted away the chains of sin, warmed her soul's affections into new life. She

became a transformed creature—the second, new, pure.

But the testing-time was ahead. The following Saturday night she attended the Open-air, held in the city's main square. As soon as she arrived, the Corps Cadet who had led her to the Mercy-seat, left her place to stand by the convert's side in the ring. That was a divinely-inspired move—for some of Dolly's old associates were on the sidewalk, and they were on mischief bent.

The Open-air was well under way, when one of these onlookers came over to Dolly, and started to whisper in her ear.

At once the Corps Cadet sensed danger. This was her charge's testing-time. It was now or never.

She clasped hold of Dolly's hand, and said firmly, "You are not going with him, are you, Dolly?"

At once a sense of security swept over the bewildered convert. That hand-clasp, that pleading interrogation steeled her holy purpose. For the first time in many years Dolly deliberately and coolly turned from temptation. She had won the first victory in her first open-air.

Things were not so difficult after

that. Temptations continued to come her way, of course, but that initial victory had served to put strength into her resolutions! Never were words more psychologically sound than in the apt little phrase "Each victory will help you some other to win!"

Conversion immediately affected Dolly's personal appearance. No longer was she a marked woman in her garb; she robed herself with becoming modesty. And not a Soldier in the Corps attended the services more regularly than she!

When she decided to get uniform the financial equation appeared unsurpassable. But by persevering economy she saved until she had enough to purchase the coveted Army blue. In due time she was enrolled as a Soldier.

The struggle to keep her home together—she was looking after an elder brother—began to tell on her in due time. She grew old rapidly. The effects of early-day debauchery were not easily erased. Time came when she could no longer go to the Corps. Then, in the changing of Officers and her removal to a new address, Dolly was almost forgotten at the Corps.

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T DODGE THE BAND

A Remarkable Story of how Army Music was used to bring a Wayward Sinner into paths of Useful Service

IT WAS forty-two years ago that a chapter of what appeared to him then as strange happenings came in the life of James Carter, and caused him to leave his sinful days behind—and they were as dark as the pit in which he worked—and commence to live in the sunlight of God's smile. A young Army Bandsman, a miner, had been killed by an explosion, and Carter and some others who worked in the same pit and admired the young Salvationist, attended his memorial service in The Army Hall. Here he was deeply convicted of sin, but would not yield to the strivings of the Spirit.

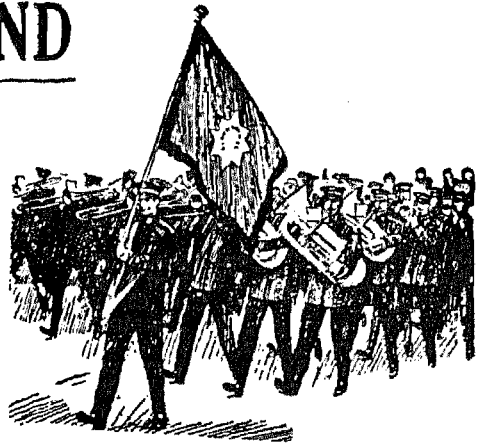
Army on the approaching Sunday, and so he resolved to have his usual drink at a "pub" in a different direction. He did so, but again—and even then the guilty man could not believe it was a mere chance—The Army Band with the Soldiers marching behind, came by the very place he thought was safely out of the beaten track. During the second week he felt "the most miserable man on earth." So conscience-stricken was he that he was almost afraid to descend the pit. His miserable condition was so evident that one of his fellow-miners, a Christian man, one day when down the mine asked him: "What's up with thee, lad?" On Carter making a clean breast of his trouble his companion said: "Kneel down here, lad, and I'll pray with thee." Yet still he would not yield, and again on the third Sunday he sought to evade The Army by going in still another direction for his Sunday drink.

But the Holy Spirit, as James Carter now acknowledges, was still seeking him, and once more to his dismay the good old Army Band, unconscious as perhaps the Bandsmen were that they were being so used, came marching round the corner sending home the convicting message.

Carter gave in! The wooing of the Spirit had broken down the barricades of his stubborn heart. He went home and asked his wife if she would clean his boots while he got ready to go to The Army. "Clean yer boots!" she scoffed, not believing such good news. "Aye, I'll clean them twice if I thought ye meant it." But he did! And in The Army Hall that Sunday night he became a new man.

Three months after his conversion, Brother Carter took up an instrument in the Band, and it proved to be the very instrument laid down by the young Bandsman-miner whose memorial service had first brought conviction to his heart.

The forty-two succeeding years have been deeply joyful ones to Sergeant-Major Carter, as he now is. Many times since has he knelt down in the mine with the companion with whom he had once refused to pray, and glorious little "glory hole" meetings have they had together.



The Sergeant-Major is looked upon as the "father" of the Corps, and his Salvation spirit and sterling character make him an example to all his comrades.—B.C.



ON THE MARCH:

"It is the duty of the Bandsman to make the march as attractive as possible"

It is interesting to watch The Army Band on the march. No matter how well a Band is playing, unless the men are all marching with an even step, the correct distance between ranks, correct dressing, and the right distance between each man, the effect of the march is spoiled to a very great extent.

On the other hand, a Band swinging down the street with drums beating smartly, and the men looking neat and business-like, catches the eye of the passer-by. He stops and looks first, then he listens, and, in all probability, follows on. Even though the music may not be "A" grade, it cannot detract from the appearance of the marching.

As the office of the Band is to draw people into the Hall, it is the duty of Bandsmen to make the march as attractive as possible.

BE GRATEFUL

I have often wondered if a sense of gratitude is ever felt by the average Bandsman for the work that the Bandmaster puts in to make an instrumentalist of him and an effective combination of the Band; or of gratitude to The Army for having given him the open door of opportunity for the exercise of his talents; and finally, but by no means least, gratitude to God for the Salvation which he enjoys.

What a pity that all of us do not more often give expression to feelings of gratitude.—A.W.P.

All the following week he was troubled on account of his wrongdoing, and still more troubled was he when the next Sunday, as he was drinking in the public-house in an English midland town, The Army Band came marching by further to arouse his guilty conscience.

So miserable was he during the ensuing week that he felt he could not bear to get another sight of The

The Playing of the Band

On a Sunday morning early,
When the sun is shining bright,
And The Army Band is marching
'Tis a very pretty sight!
Instruments reflect the sunshine;
Faces lighted with a glow
Down the street with flying colors
See The Army Bandsmen go.

As you play a hymn-tune sweetly,
People pause with rev'rent air—
Once again the tunes of childhood
Hold them reminiscing there;
Days of innocence and goodness,
Days before the reign of sin,
Come to fill their life with sadness,
And with restlessness within.

Play, my worthy Bandsmen-comrades,
Happy in a sure reward;
None can estimate the gladness
To the sin-sick you afford.
Play of Calvary's deep compassion;
When we reach the Better Land
We'll meet those who found Salvation
Thro' the playing of the Band.

—W. Chas. Tutte, Major.

: A Master's Story :

Brahms and His Frog Pond

BRAHMS, one of the great German masters, although rather an austere individual, possessed many kindly traits, and the following incident is typical.

On one occasion Brahms received a visit from Sir George Henschel, the noted scientist, and one afternoon the composer suggested an expedition to his bullfrog pond. Henschel states: "Brahms' sense of locality not being very great, we walked on and on across long stretches of waste moorland. Often we heard the weird call of bullfrogs in the distance, but he would say, 'No, that's not my pond yet,' and on we walked. At last we found it, a tiny pool in the midst of a wide plain grown with heather. We had not met a human being the whole way, and this solitary spot seemed out of the world altogether."

"Can you imagine," Brahms began, "anything more sad and melancholy than this music, the indefinable sounds of which for ever and ever move within the pitiable compass of a diminished third? Here we can realize how fairy tales of enchanted princes and princesses have origin-

ated. . . . Listen! There he is again, the poor king's son, with the yearning, mournful C flat."

"We stretched ourselves out in the low grass and lay listening in deep silence, then we leaned over the pond, caught tiny little bullfrogs, and let them jump into the water again from a stone, which greatly amused Brahms, especially when these creatures, happy to be in their element once more, hurriedly swam away to safety."

When they thought themselves quite safe, Brahms would tenderly catch one up again in his hand, and heartily laugh with pleasure on giving it back its freedom."

There are many things we may learn from the careers of the great composers, who, although their lives were not always exemplary, showed at least a devotion to their art that is worthy of every emulation. How much better Bandsmen many of us would be if we were more devoted not only to the art of mastering the instrument we play, but to the great spiritual art of winning souls for the Master.—A.G.M.



STORIES AROUND HYMNS

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul"

THE author of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" was Charles Wesley, the founder of Methodism. Their father was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a clergyman of the Church of England. Charles was next to the youngest in a family of nineteen children. His mother, Susannah Wesley, was a woman of remarkably fine character, who devoted much time to the religious instruction of the children.

Charles Wesley actually composed over six thousand hymns. A great many of these hymns have been very little used, but Charles Wesley ranks with Isaac Watts, as being one of the greatest of hymn-writers. Others of his best known hymns are: "A charge to keep I have," "Love Divine, all love excelling," "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," "Hark! the Herald Angels sing."

There are many stories told about the origin of the hymn. Perhaps the most poetic account is that which tells of a hawk that chased a dove through an open window where Charles Wesley sat. The dove took refuge in Wesley's bosom, which suggested to him the line—"Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Another account of its origin tells of an infuriated mob which followed Charles Wesley at Killalee, County Down, in Ireland. Mr. Wesley took refuge in a farm, and while the farmer's wife offered some members of the mob refreshments, she made it possible for Wesley to make his escape through a window into the back garden, where he concealed himself under a hedge till his enemies went away. The harrowing experience suggested to his mind the thought of Jesus being the soul's refuge.

In any event the hymn itself has become endeared to Christians the world over, and undoubtedly stands as a great classic. Henry Ward Beecher said that the hymn was sufficient to make Charles Wesley immortal. The chief evidence of the value of the hymn, however, is that for nearly two centuries it has been a means of great blessing to countless numbers.

Over The Top!

Victoria's Victorious Tag Day Aids Local Work

THE Annual "Tag Day" at Victoria, B.C., brought with it a great deal of pleasure as well as hard work, and the results were gratifying to all who helped to make it a success.

Major Jones and a contingent from the Grace Hospital staff arrived from Vancouver, Captain and Mrs. Chapman and party represented Nanaimo, Adjutant Sharp, the organizer of the effort, Adjutant Shaw, of Vancouver Headquarters, Adjutant and Mrs. Thierstein, Major and Mr. Fullerton, Mrs. Adjutant Sharp, and a small army of helpers from Victoria Senior and Young People's Corps were busy on the streets or on various duties in the Hall from early morning until after the stores closed. Their energy was not even exhausted then, for a party bombarded the Exhibition Grounds where a firework display was in progress, later in the evening.

The David Spencer Company again donated one of their large show windows for the "Babies' Day" demonstration, and the usual admiring crowd was there to see the little ones being cared for by sweet-faced, white-uniformed Officer nurses. One dainty maiden has been on duty for three successive years, and is now three years old. The visiting "taggers" paid tribute to the kindly courtesy shown by our generous Victoria public, even when parting with a coin they could not easily spare.

It was a great treat to have the Vancouver visitors with us for the Sunday morning Holiness meeting, Major Jones leading. Adjutant Mrs. Fraser gave the Bible address, and Adjutant Houghton soloed. Others on the platform who took part were Ensign McLaughlin, Captain Ezeard, Lieutenant Crolley, Candidate Baldwin and Sister Mrs. Cook.

Captain and Mrs. Chapman, Commanding Officers of Nanaimo Corps, led the afternoon Free-and-Easy, and Adjutant Shaw, the Salvation meeting at night. It was a grand and glorious week-end, and we praise God for the number of willing workers in His service who are ready for duty whenever needed. May He abundantly bless them and the givers also who once more put the "Tag Day" "over the top."—A.E.T.

OFF TO THE OLD LAND?

We are asked by Major Dray, of the Immigration Department, to draw the attention of our readers in Western Canada to the fact that the Department has a representative in Vancouver and Winnipeg. Those who intend visiting the Old Land cannot do better than book through The Army's agency. Any correspondence addressed to The Secretary, Immigration Department, will receive prompt attention.

"The Salvationist Song Book"

An item of interest during the Council Sessions, conducted by the Commissioner in Toronto, on Wednesday last, was the introduction of "The Salvationist Song Book," the Canadian edition of The Army's recently-issued Song Book for congregational use. At the reasonable price of one dollar a ready sale is anticipated.

IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT

Bookings to and from the Old Country and to all parts of the World

Make your arrangements through The Army

PASSPORTS SECURED

Passengers met at Railroad Stations and Ocean Docks

NEW LOW FARES

Write to-day for particulars to the Secretary:—

Dundas and Victoria Building, Toronto, Ontario.
808 Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ontario.
1225 University Street, Montreal, Quebec.
75 Seventh Avenue E., Vancouver, B.C.
1091 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

LABOR AND THE LABORER

Thoughts Gathered from Many Minds

THE most wonderful thing I know is the peace, the silence, that one enjoys in the woods or on the tilled lands. One sees a poor, heavily-laden creature with a bundle of faggots advancing from a narrow path in the fields. The manner in which this figure comes suddenly before one is a momentary reminder of the fundamental condition of human life toil.

On the tilled land around, one watches figures hoeing and digging. One sees how this or that rises and wipes away the sweat with the back of his hand. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Is that merry, enlivening work? And yet it is here that I find the true humanity, the great poetry.—Jean Francois Millet.

There is nothing better for a man than that he should... make his soul enjoy good in his labor.—Eccl. 2:24.

A great factory with the machinery all working and revolving with absolute and rhythmic regularity and with the men all driven by one impulse and moving in unison as though a constituent part of the mighty machine, is one of the most inspiring examples of directed force that the world shows. I have rarely seen the face of a mechanic in the act of creation which was not fine, never one which was not earnest and impressive.—Thomas Nelson Page.

Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished, but he that gathereth by labor shall increase.—Prov. 13:11.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in

you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

There is one right which man is generally thought to possess which I am confident he neither does nor can possess — the right to subsistence when his labor will not fairly purchase it.—Thomas R. Malthus.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—Ruskin.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's long night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
—F. W. Faber.

How much easier our work would be if we put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality of it as most of us do trying to find excuses for not properly attending to it.—George W. Ballinger.

Work is the mission of mankind on this earth. A day will arrive, in some approximate degree, when he who has no work to do, will not find it good to show himself in our quarter of the solar system, but may go and look out elsewhere if there be any idle planet discoverable. Let all honest workers rejoice that such law, the first of Nature, has been recognized by them.—George Bernard Shaw.

I congratulate poor young men upon being born to that ancient and

A Stimulating Day

THE COMMISSIONER Meets Officers in Council in Toronto

STIMULATING Councils—were conducted by the Commissioner on Wednesday morning and afternoon, in the Toronto Temple, for Officers of Toronto and district.

The sessions were decidedly profitable, and the inspiring addresses given by our Territorial Leader, as well as the periods of prayer and praise, were of an uplifting character. A number of important topics were dealt with by the Commissioner during the sessions.

The Chief Secretary delivered an invigorating address in the afternoon session, and Colonel McAmmond gave an interesting account of his recent trip to Newfoundland.

Recent arrivals to Toronto were accorded a hearty welcome, and among these comrades to speak were Brigadier and Mrs. Carter, Major and Mrs. Steele, Staff-Captain Putt, Adjutant Stunell, Ensign and Mrs. Watt, Captain McBride and Captain Walker.

Mrs. Commissioner Hay, who was warmly greeted, welcomed the newcomers in a speech full of heart-warmth, as did also Lieut.-Colonel Burrows. Major Ham and Brigadier Tilley read portions of Scripture.

honorably degree which renders it necessary that they should devote themselves to hard work.—Andrew Carnegie.

The higher men climb, the longer their working day. And any young man with a streak of idleness in him may better make up his mind at the beginning that mediocrity will be his lot. Without immense, sustained effort he will not climb high. And even though fortune or chance were to lift him high, he would not stay there. There are no office hours, no time cards, for leaders.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Study to show thyself... a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.—2 Tim. 2:15.

- HOLIDAYS THAT BLESS - Health for the Body and for the Soul

ANOTHER year (of arduous tasks and knotty problems, for some, and lack of tasks and empty pockets for others) has rolled around, and the vacation season is with us once more.

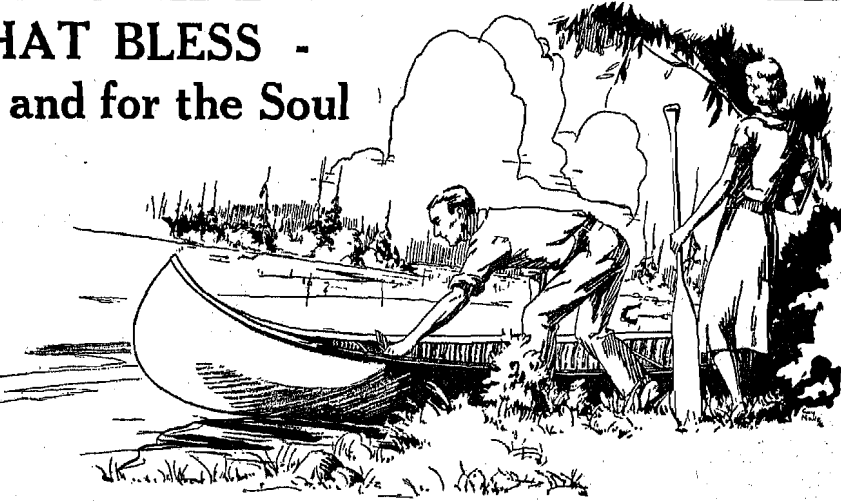
It is well, indeed, that many are so fortunately circumstanced as to leave the cities and towns and enjoy the healthful and tranquillizing effect of a short sojourn in the country, or by the lakes or sea.

Notwithstanding these times of stress, God has been mindful of the human family. He has bountifully made provision for the needs of all men. God is kind! He is wondrously kind! Yes, He cares! Let us put our trust more firmly than ever before in Him.

How benign has been God's touch upon nature this glorious summer! The world is, indeed, very beautiful, and the haunts of God's un-housed creatures call loudly to the denizens of the towns and cities, to venture forth to enjoy the soothing influence of the repose that is to be found—and the health-giving fragrance that permeates—the peaceful glades and wooded hills, that bring one nearer to nature's heart.

Confidence is the most requisite quality to enable one to calmly face the issues of life, in this year of our Lord, 1932. To obtain confidence one must have faith—above all, faith in God. Nowhere is the atmosphere more conducive to spiritual fellowship—which increases faith—than in the great open spaces, where thousands of Canadian vacationists are spending their holidays.

It is true that the holiday will prove a boon to many in contributing to physical recuperation, and in the relief of nerve tension, but it is to be



hoped that many thousands will become better acquainted with God and receive soul-healing during these vacation days.

It was in the heart of nature, upon a mountain in the land of Moriah, that Abraham won his great victory and became the friend of God. It was at the mountain of Horeb, with the desert behind, that God spoke to Moses from a burning bush and commissioned him to bring the Children of Israel out of bondage. It was out in the open, while tending his sheep, that David so won God's approval that He choose Him to be King of Israel and the fore-father of our Lord and Saviour, for Mary was of David's royal line.

All down through the ages — like Finney communing with God in the woods of America and David Livingstone in the heart of Africa—God has fellowshiped with, and blest individuals, who have sought Him in solitary places. While it is fitting to erect temples, and gather congregations together to worship God, He still loves to meet the seeking soul that yearns to be alone with Him in

nature's cathedral, domed by His own blue sky.

The holidays give one the time and opportunity to face not only the issues of time, but those of eternity. Issues that must be settled—that must be settled aright, if the days ahead are to bring peace.

There may have been times when men could find a measure of comfort in the things of the world. But these are days that try men's souls, as never before. The man or woman who seeks physical fitness, as the paramount good to be derived from the vacation, will make a grave mistake, and may return to his or her occupation unfit to face trials that may be ahead.

Let the vacation period this year be, largely, a time of waiting upon God for light and wisdom, and a time of squaring accounts with God, through the redeeming power of Christ's sacrifice on Calvary. Meditation and prayer will accomplish much. The contact with God will assist physical healing and, much more important, it will give health to the soul.—D.S.

A PAGE for OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone;

Kindness in another's troubles,
Courage in your own.

THE CLOCK-MAKER'S EXCELLENT ADVICE

A WELL-KNOWN preacher once saw a big grandfather's clock at the clockmaker's, waiting to be put in order.

The pendulum of the clock seemed to him to begin to speak, saying: "I have ticked sixty times a minute, through every hour of three hundred and sixty-five days in each year of many years, and now that I am resting here it sets me almost crazy to think I am to be started to work again."

"But," the clockmaker said, "you have only to do one tick at a time. You can do that, can't you?"

Begin the day right by reading the Bible, meditation and prayer. Greet those you meet with a cheerful "Good Morning." At home and abroad strive to live the gospel of good cheer and practical help.

"Oh, yes," said the pendulum. "Well, that's all that will be expected of you."

So the old, old pendulum swung along very cheerfully, doing its one tick at a time as before. One tick at a time was not so hard.

If it be only a small service we can do each day, let us do it cheerfully.

Most of the people who have made a success of life did not get there all in one jump. They started out by performing small duties, one at a time—and doing them well.

My Favorite Quotation

MOST young people have a favorite quotation. It has become lodged in the mind because of the blessing it carried or the new impulse it originated; or perhaps its harmless humor brought cheer on a day of gloom, and, therefore, we cherish it. At any rate it is our favorite quotation!

Do you not think that it would be helpful if we shared these heart-throbs with one another? Who knows how much blessing or cheer would result to "War Cry" readers from the printing of your favorite quotation? And what fine material for a scrap-book!

Now, get your pen and paper, and write, in a clear, legible manner, the quotation you desire to submit—whether poetry or prose, the work of a well-known or little-known author, Scriptural or anonymous—giving, if at all possible, its source. Do not fail to include your full name and address, and mail to The Editor, "The War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

THIS WEEK

O.C. Mabel Pettigrew, Kelowna, sends in the following:

"IF WE work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass time will efface it; if we color temples they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which brightens all eternity."—Daniel Webster.

When Danger is Near STEER CLEAR

You may tempt the tempter more than once but in the end he may get you—Hence the above advice

"CAN we make it!" shouted a middy in a boat in which were seated a half-dozen sailors who were training for naval officers. They were crossing a channel when a sea-plane came splashing through the water at terrific speed, preparing for its flight. The young men in the boat were about to cross the path of the plane as it came, toward them.

"Let's go!" chorused the others. And pulling the oars with all their might, but making rather slow headway, they soon found themselves directly in the path of the on-coming plane. It looked as if a collision was certain, but the pilot shut off the engine, threw his rudder hard over, and saved the day.

It was a narrow escape for the sailors, but the danger was quite uncalled for. The lads took a chance. But were they more unwise than we when we take chances with temptation? We see the danger ahead and we can avoid it. The risk is taken.

But temptation is subtle and sin is swift and strong, and unlike the seaplane, it is not likely to turn aside when we get in its way.

The best course to take is to steer clear of evil and take no chances.

WISDOM and COURTESY ARE TWIN ASSETS in LIFE

KING SOLOMON is regarded always as a very wise man, and in one of his proverbs he says that the "wise in heart shall be called prudent, and the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning."

To be really wise in heart is a great asset in life. One, of course, will often make mistakes, but to learn to control the actions and thoughts wisely will be very helpful to us as we go through life. Begin to think wisely and act wisely with the small problems and difficulties that come our way as young people and we have learned a very valuable lesson.

Then, again, the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning. We all want to learn many things, and the

best way is to cultivate a pleasant manner, a winning disposition.

People love to associate with those who are genuinely charming, and one can always remember that those who have knowledge will most gladly impart it to the person with the pleasant behavior rather than the one who already knows all there is to know and therefore knows very little.

Keep sweet, and daily "learn of Him" who is the Great Example. Remember, true courtesy is the stamp of a well-bred man or woman, and will go a long way to making your life bright and happy as well as successful.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS

About the Friendly Hand

HAVE you met the girl in the room next door?

Have you gripped her by the hand And tried to show in a friendly way—

A way she can understand— That you're glad she is here to be one

of us, That you're glad she is on the floor?

Remember, you were a stranger once—

Have you met the girl next door?

Have you met the girl in the room next door?

Do you greet her with a smile? Have you ever been in for a friendly chat?

Just drop in and stay awhile. Perhaps you may cheer her when she is blue;

At least, you can try, if no more. Who knows but you two may be life-long friends—

Have you met the girl next door?

A PLEASANT SMILE

Blesses Both Him Who Gives and Receives

An impatient customer strode into a busy store. His impatience was agreeably dispelled by a pleasant smile from the competent young woman behind the counter, who, while serving somebody else, said to him that she hoped to be able to attend

Admire the beautiful, live by the day, think often of your friends, and ever trust and love your best Friend. Feel that this life is too short and precious for anger, avarice, impatience, revenge or strife

BEEES IN A BOTTLE

Expend Your Energy in Useful Deeds

We remember when very small, being thrilled to great excitement watching the hurried and angry flutterings of a bee in a bottle, or even on the window-pane. How it would buzz and keep up a ceaseless commotion, and yet it really accomplished very little beyond tiring its own little self! And yet, you know, there are a good many of us just like that foolish little bumble bee. Bees fuss and splutter and run to and fro, upsetting everybody's "apple cart," without the slightest consideration, and yet, with a little thought, how different could be their actions!

How swiftly the days fly, and what an amount of labor and energy is expended in our waking hours. On the other hand what a waste our days can be unless we strive to make the very best use of them.

OUR OPEN FORUM

A column on this page will be open for the presentation and discussion of matters that have a bearing on the life of young people. Questions may be asked; personal problems dealt with; the story of conversion given; a written testimony or the account of an adventure in Christian warfare—in fact, letters will be welcomed concerning the hundred and one things that have to do with the youth of to-day. We invite the young folk in their 'teens and early twenties to write, care of the Editor, "The War Cry (Open Forum)," 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor:

How often, at times when we are particularly discouraged, we are tempted to think how useless it is to try to impress on the people the need of Salvation. There seems to be so much indifference to spiritual things and so much attention given to material affairs.—P.

Answer.—True it is that large sections of the people in many parts of the countries are apparently satisfied to live without Christ, yet we must remember that such indifference abounded even in the days when He

walked the earth. And the Gospel is no more popular in these modern days than in those. Following Christ implies severance from the ways of the world and often much sacrifice.

However, it is also just as true as ever that hungry hearts needing the Gospel are to be found everywhere, and our efforts, though seemingly fruitless at times, will be rewarded of God. One can never tell when or where the good seed of the Kingdom may spring up, or a revival begin. Let us go on faithfully doing our part and God will do His.



We are looking for you.

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lieut.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

ABRAHAMSEN, Hans Ole—Norwegian. Thirty-eight years of age. Tall; fair complexion; scar on chin. Five years ago received mail at St. John, N.B. 377

PARE, Albert—Age 45; medium height; dark brown hair; brown eyes. Born in Montreal. Served with the 52nd Canadian Expeditionary Force. 469

GARRETT, John W.—Age 41; height, 6 ft.; light grey eyes. Is thought to be in Calgary or Vancouver.

GARE, Dwight Francis—Age 23; height 6 ft. 7 in.; fair hair; blue eyes. Born in Strathroy. Is left-handed. Baker by trade.

BONES, Ole Olsen—Age 26; average height; blue eyes; broad frame; dark brown hair. Born in Hess Hallingdal, Norway. When last heard of in January, 1931, was working at Brighton, Ont. Should this meet the eye please communicate. Parents anxious for news.

GRANHEIM, Eivine Taraldson—Anyone knowing present whereabouts of this man please communicate. When last heard of was in Ottawa, Ont. Born in Bygland, Norway.

MYERS, Charles Earl—Age 40; height 5 ft. 8 in.; dark hair; blue eyes; medium complexion. Born in Toronto. Miner by trade. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

MATTHEWS, Charles—Age 57; height 5 ft. 8 in.; white hair; brown eyes; wears glasses. Born in Kilderminster, England. Loom fixer by trade. Has been missing from his home in St. Auburn, New York, since April, 1931. Should this meet the eye please communicate.

(Continued in column 4)

Camping Under The Stars

Saskatchewan's Lone Outrider Gives More of His Experiences among the Settlers of the North

HELLO! Here I am again to give "War Cry" readers more of my experiences while taking the glorious good news of Salvation to the settlers of the North.

The battle is hard at times and clouds of discouragement often hover over my head, but beyond these I catch a glimpse of the Saviour's face—and all is well. When I can find no shelter for the night, I tether my faithful pony, take out my sleeping bag, find a smooth place on the ground and make myself comfortable. I look up at the shining stars, hear the owls hooting and remind myself that the Saviour had no place to lay His head.

Early one morning I was awak-

joy I pulled out my New Testament and explained the way to be saved. He humbled himself before the Lord and, as we knelt together, claimed Salvation. His last words to me as we shook hands and parted were, "I will be a man from now on, and do all I can to show others the way to Christ."

I rode on to my next halting-place where a meeting was held in a school-house. A crowd of children gathered here and, after singing many choruses I told them of the great love of Jesus.

On to the next place, and this was the question put to me there: "When is The Army coming here to open

NOW ON THE PRESS

The Golden Jubilee "War Cry"

A Fascinating Review of The Army's Progress and Achievements in the Dominion During the Past Fifty Years

ened by a very small visitor, a mouse which had crept into my sleeping bag for company. I soon scared him away and we parted good friends. Just a few nights previous to this a big black bear had been seen in the district around which made camping out quite thrilling.

At one small town I called at a minister met me with a gloomy message regarding preaching the Gospel to the people, but there was a really good turnout of folk to my meeting. They asked me to come back that way again.

In another place I called on a dentist who told me he had served in the Great War. He asked me some questions about Salvation and, with much

fire? This is the best meeting we have had for a long time!" What a great joy it was to talk to these people about God and The Army.

One evening I called at a house, but the woman who came to the door showed very little inclination toward hospitality. Noticing, however, that she was a Norwegian I spoke to her in her mother-tongue and she became quite interested. "Put your pony in the barn," she said, "and stay for supper."

The woman was over sixty and all alone, so I cut wood for her and carried in water, and left a very good friend behind as well as putting in a word for the Master. Then on I rode to new fields of service.

(Continued from column 1)

PEACH, Thomas Ely—Age 33; height 5 ft. 9 in.; auburn hair; brown eyes; fair complexion. Born Goodwin Street, Derby, England. Came to Canada under St. Luke's Emigration Scheme, Birmingham. Last heard of in 1922, % Abner Kirkpatrick, Queen's County, N.B. (Gaspeaux Station). Mother anxious.

KENT, George—Late of Halifax, N.S. Age 57; height 5 ft. 8 in.; grey eyes; tattooed on right arm "G.W.K." Boiler-maker by trade. Resided at one time in New Hampshire but returned to Canada. 366

JAQUES, Henry—When last heard of was at Rockingham Post Office, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Age 63; height 6 ft.; grey hair; grey eyes; native of Beverley, Yorkshire. Anyone knowing present whereabouts please communicate. 293

JOHANNESEN, Olaf Marselius—Born at Morikve, Norway, February 5th, 1870. Tall; brown hair; blue eyes; average frame. Married to a lady of Swedish descent who owns a hotel. Last heard of at Ferney, Alaska. 3296

MARKLE, Ethel—Age 26; brown eyes; curly hair. Thought to be a Salvationist. Was employed on Mount Hamilton. Information requested as to present whereabouts.

WICE, Rachel and Janie—Ages 27 and 25. Taken from Loring, near Parry Sound to Toronto, then adopted. Rachel has half of first joint in middle finger of right hand off. Janie has slight depression and scar over right eye. Sister Dolly enquires.

MURPHY, John Joseph—Last known address was Desrivers Avenue, Montreal. Left Old Country in June, 1906. Age 61; height 5 ft. 10 in.; black hair; grey eyes. Native of Rotherhithe. Barge builder by trade. Sister anxious to hear from him. 344

TOMS, Mrs. Lottie, nee Chicley—Age 60 or 65. Born in Bromley, Kent, England. Left Plumstead in 1910. Last known address, Winnipeg. Has three children—Annie, Charles and Rose. Thought to be Salvationists. Aunt enquires.

PHILLIPS, Mrs. Henrietta, nee Kiddie.—Last heard from six years ago. Age 40; height, 5ft. 3 in.; auburn hair; blue eyes; fresh complexion. Born in Dundee. Was millworker when in Scotland. Nickname, "Nettie." Is married and has three children. Mother anxious for news.

RIENZI, Anna G.—Height 5 ft. 4 in.; grey eyes; brown hair; weight 105 lbs. Stenographer. Age 29 years. Last known address, Toronto. Crippled mother anxious for news.

WILLSDEN, Mrs.—Age 50. Last known address, Montreal. Has two sons. Relatives in England enquire.

Special—The Salvation Army Song Book

NEW CANADIAN EDITION. Bound in Black Rexine Leatherette. Thin paper. Title and Crest on front in gold. Easy to carry

Every Soldier should possess a Song Book. Price \$1.00 postpaid

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OFFICERS' or SOLDIERS' SPEAKER SUITS

L573, Blue Serge	\$30.00
No. 3, Blue Serge	34.00

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Taffeta	\$15.00
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(Officers' Trimmings extra)

Women's Extra Dress Collars, when ordered with Dress, 50c., plus Rank Trimmings (Net.)

Note.—Special discount of 10 per cent. on men's uniforms and women's speaker suits and dresses will be allowed on all orders received until further notice.

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	2-Piece	Uniform
"Campaign" Blue Serge	Tunic \$20.00	Pants \$ 8.50 \$28.50
"Soldiers' Special," Blue Serge	21.00	9.00 30.00
Grey A, B	25.00	10.00 35.00
C	24.50	9.50 34.00
No. 6, Blue Serge	25.00	10.00 35.00
No. 7, Blue Serge	26.00	10.50 36.50
No. 8, Blue Serge	27.00	11.00 38.00

(Extra pants with order \$2.00 less than above quotations—Net.)

Clerical Vest, Blue Serge, Regular \$8.50; Special Price..... \$7.00

Clerical Vest, Red, Regular, \$10.75; Special Price..... 9.00

Band Trimmings (tunic) \$5.00 extra, also Rank Trimmings extra—Net.

LOOK AT YOUR CAP, HAT OR BONNET—everyone else does. Will you need a new one for the Fall?

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Bonnets—Send for prices. Bonnets reblocked and retrimmed by expert work-people

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FIGHTING FIRES WITH FOAM

Fighting oil fires is one of the most difficult phases of a fireman's life. Science and invention, however, have rendered their timely aid and here we see a demonstration given of the manner in which a tank of blazing oil may be quickly extinguished by a small nozzle ejecting water turned into foam by means of a dry powder cartridge

Menaces to Christianity

Being Part Two of a short series of informative articles dealing with a subject of paramount importance

By ENVOY DAVID SHANKLAND

THE second source of menace is the world-wide atheist movement, with an organized body of over ten millions of people. The "American Association for the Advancement of Atheism," counts its members in millions. Many of them are in the universities, the seminaries and the high schools. There are atheist societies in Canada, and our educational institutions are not free from their evil influence.

Some of the atheists boldly declare that they are banded together to stamp out Christianity. They brazenly assert that it is responsible for all the evils that the world is suffering from, while others work surreptitiously.

According to a statement in one of their journals, the atheists in the United States have captured the membership of twenty additional colleges in the past eighteen months.

In New York City, high school students have an atheistic organization, called: "The Society of the Godless." In the city of Philadelphia there is one called "God's Black Sheep." In Los Angeles, there is another, called "The Devil's Angels." One university has an atheist organization, called "The Legion of the Damned." Another state university has one called "The Sons of Satan." Another high school has an atheistic club, called "The Hell-Bent Heathen." The students of Rochester University have an atheist organization, called "The Society of Damned Souls." Many of the young people — both male and female — in these seats of learning, have lost their

sense of moral and spiritual values.

Not long ago a noted preacher and lecturer visited one of the colleges, and was requested to address the students. He spoke on "The Value of Moral Standards." He tells that, after his lecture, a committee of male and female students called upon him. The spokesman was a young lady student. She told him that the students did not agree with his statements. She calmly stated that they considered that the practice, which he so vigorously denounced, was caused by a perfectly natural appetite, and that they did not believe it was blemishing to satisfy that appetite without taking vows that they might regret. They did not agree with the statement that such an act was immoral.

Of course there are many atheists who are moral, but to an alarming extent, there is a fast growing tendency to take the attitude of that committee of students. When young people become atheists, and do not believe that they are responsible to any higher authority than their own sense of what is fitting or desirable, dire consequences are sure to follow.

Men and women in all walks of life — many of wealth and social prominence — have joined the atheistic movement, and millions of dollars have been subscribed to spread propaganda. These are evils in connection with the spread of atheism that are appalling to think of, and information could be furnished, concerning the same, that might startle us even more than this.

HAPPINESS

THE great essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope

for.—Dr. Chalmers.

OUR MAGAZINE

INSTRUCTIVE

PAGE

ELECTRIFYING PALESTINE

How the Course of the Historic Jordan has been Altered to Serve the Utilitarian Purpose of Man

THERE is no river so universally familiar as the Jordan (states the *Manchester Guardian*). It is a petty river, barely one hundred miles in length, but it has always been of the deepest significance in the history of both Judaism and Christianity. Because he struck the rock, Moses was forbidden to cross the promised Land which lay on the other side of Jordan. Elijah and Elisha walked across the river on dry ground, in preparation for Elijah's departure in a flaming chariot to heaven.

When Naaman was told to cure himself of leprosy by washing in the Jordan, he protested that Abana and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, were better than all the waters of Israel. But in the end he dipped himself seven times in the Jordan and was cured.

Harnessing the River

Scientists say that the course of the River Jordan has been changed by nature many times during the ages. To-day man has set himself to change the river-bed once again and to harness the waters of the Jordan for his utilitarian purpose. The waters of the sacred river are now being used to provide electricity for the peoples of Palestine and Transjordan.

Despite difficulties and opposition, he formed the Palestine Electric Corporation, and within the last few months has started to supply electricity from his works on the Jordan to Haifa, Tiberias, Jaffa, and Tel Aviv.

The Yarmuk River runs south-westward from Syria, falling 3,000 feet in its short course, and joins the Jordan a few miles south of the Sea of Galilee. One of the decisive battles of the world was fought on the

River Yarmuk, when the wild Moslem Arabs routed the armies of the Emperor Heraclius in the seventh century. Just above the junction of the two rivers there are the Yarmuk waterfalls. Before science changed the natural course of the water, these falls, flowing under an old Roman bridge and flanked with oleander bushes, formed one of the beauty spots of Palestine. To-day the face of the landscape has been entirely changed, and a mere trickle of water is all that remains of the falls, whilst a lake holding 1,500,000 cubic metres of water dominates the scenery.

Huge Pipes Convey Water

The River Yarmuk and the major part of the River Jordan have been deflected into this lake. The rest of the Jordan remains as a thin stream in the original river-bed, which is connected with the lake by a canal; the volume of the water in the lake can be regulated by this canal. From the south-west end of the lake the water drops, in huge pipes, to turn the turbines below; when it has served its purpose it flows out again into the Jordan, at a place below the works where there is a small island in the river-bed, and continues undisturbed by the profanity of man's purposefulness till it reaches the Dead Sea. Two of the four turbines are actually in use, but only one of them is needed at present to supply the demand for electricity. It is hoped that in due course the railways will be electrified and that electricity will be used, both in Palestine and Transjordan, for irrigation as well as for industrial purposes. With this end in view reserves of power far in excess of what is needed at present have been provided.

CANADIAN CAMERA-ETTES

Hell's Gate,



One of the most notable of many such spots along the swiftly-flowing River is known as Hell's Gate, a narrow gorge so flanked by rock a natural gateway. Through this the waters seethe and in awesome spectacle. In bygone days the Indians were — river from rock to rock by means of a frail

"Seek ye the
Lord while He
may be found,

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of The SALVATION ARMY
in Canada, Alaska & Newfoundland

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1932
No. 2498 16 pp.

JAMES HAY, Commissioner
Price Five Cents

Call ye upon
Him while He
is near."

1882

CANADA'S

GOLDEN JUBILEE CONGRESS

1932

TO BE HELD IN TORONTO



CONDUCTED BY

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF

COMMR. HENRY MAPP, accompanied by MRS. MAPP

and assisted by

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HAY

COLONEL and MRS. DALZIEL (Chief Secretary)

COLONEL and MRS. McAMMOND (Field Secretary)

and the entire Territorial Staff and Divisional Commanders from
Newfoundland to Alaska

BOOK THE DATES

October 13th to 19th, 1932

THOUSANDS OF SALVATIONISTS
AND FRIENDS WILL GATHER AT

THE MASSEY HALL AND VARSITY ARENA

Great Public Assemblies
Devotional Meetings
Young People's Demonstration
Massed Band and Songster Festival

700 OFFICERS

10 BANDS

250 SONGSTERS

Watch "The War Cry" for further details

A HUNDRED pair of eyes,
sparkling as, perhaps, they
never sparkled before. Excited
chatter of many voices.

Who are the owners and where do
they come from? Why the sparkling,
and whence the excitement?

Easily enough told. The optics be-
long to an eager swarm of little folk
all a-quiver with gleeful anticipation
and ready to be Johnny-on-the-spot
when the call sounds to board the big
coaches for The Army's Fresh-Air
Camp.

It doesn't take much more than
a casual glance over the crowd of
youngsters to discover from whence
they come—even though most of them
are dressed by their mothers in Sun-
day best clothes for the great occa-
sion. Here and there pathetically-
peaked faces and slender bodies and
limbs betray the fact only too well
that these men and women of To-
morrow had come from the homes—
shacks, if you will—of the poorest of
the poor in the city.

There's little Ted, holding tight to
his big sister's hand, and hardly know-
ing what to make of it all. He has
suffered badly from malnutrition be-
cause his parents have been unable
to provide proper food containing

: SPARKLING EYES AND MERRY TONGUES :

The Army's Fresh-Air Camp Brings Transformation to Under-nourished City Youngsters from dismal Poverty Row

those wonderful vitamins of which the
newspaper advertisements tell in these
days. The Army's investigating Offi-
cer got to know of his condition and
without much more ado he was in-
cluded, his sister also, in the batch."

When you've lived a few hot sum-
mers in a close stuffy street, or back
lane, in the closer and stuffer one-
room of a tenement house without
seeing what the country, with its
smiling fields and flower-scented
breezes, is like, you will doubtless en-
ter into the feelings of many, stand-
ing over yonder, and a good many like
her, who would never get a sight of
the golden sands of the lakeshore if
it were not for The Army.

There's Jim, too, who had a pret-
ty narrow squeak — nearly turned
down at the last moment. It seems
that the eligibles for the Camp have
to undergo a health examination, for
safety sake; just to show they have
no infectious disease. The nurse

wasn't any too sure that the little
fellow didn't have the mumps, or
something or other, but the final
"once over" gave him an "O.K." and
a thrill of happiness in the bargain.

The crowd, bubbling over with un-
suppressed joy, were piling into the
waiting conveyances when some one in
the background held up an umbrella
and shouted, "Anybody left this be-
hind?" No one was interested. The
night previous it had rained "cats
and dogs." But the sun was shining
now with all its might. Who wanted
an umbrella, anyway?

Contrast the foregoing with the
"bunch" that returned from the
Fresh-Air Camp after having spent
a glorious two weeks of "heaven by
the lake." Sun-tanned faces and arms
and chests had relaxed sallow skins.
Hollow cheeks had mysteriously dis-
appeared, melancholy was a thing of

the past, this having long ago given
place to the energetic singing of
Army choruses.

What a great story they would
have to tell their fathers and mothers
when they got home about the wild
flowers and berry-picking parties,
the grand ball and other games, play-
ing "Injuns and Cowboys," treasure-
hunting, swimming and diving in the
lake, sumptuous "eats," and all the
rest. Oh, well, it would take a week
and more to tell it all.

Someone reading these inadequate
notes may possibly have given a dona-
tion worthy of the cause. Could
you but see the transformation
brought about in these little ones
through their visit to the health-
giving Camp you would feel repaid a
thousand times.

And if you have not yet contributed,
just take our word for it. It's a work
really well worth while!